

NOTICE—OPEN THIS PAPER BEFORE CUTTING IT.

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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## Our New Volume.

With our next number will commence the FIFTEENTH VOLUME OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, the first permanently established in this country, and the model upon which all others have been started and are carried on. The pioneer of Illustrated Newspapers in America, it has led the way in the past, as it will continue to do in the future in its peculiar department, combining prompt and authentic pictorial illustrations of all current and important events, with brilliant works of fiction, poetry, news of the day, and clear and impartial criticisms on all questions of national policy, on the opera and the drama, besides lending its voice to all measures of public reform and amelioration.

We can point to the achievements of the past year as a fair illustration of our plan, purposes and success. During that period we have maintained in the field a corps of artists of unequalled ability, at an expense which would sound fabulous were we to sum it up in figures. We have had, and still have, competent draughtsmen with every division of the army, and with every expedition of the National forces on sea or land, and have presented a series of ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WAR, far surpassing in number, accuracy, and excellence anything that has ever yet been attempted, in this department, on this side of the Atlantic. Nine-tenths of all the illustrations of the war that have been published in Europe, and most of those which have been reproduced in lithograph or oil in this country, have been copied from FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER—an involuntary tribute to its accuracy and the skill of its artists.

Over 700 Illustrations of the War, Views of Places, of Battles, Portraits of Distinguished Officers and Worthy Privates, Maps, Plans, etc., etc., have been published during the year, forming a complete Pictorial History of the War.



SOLDIERS OF POPE'S ARMY CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK, NEAR WARDENTON, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. EDWIN FORBES.

The literary contents of the paper, it is conceded on all hands, have been of the highest interest and value, and it only remains to be said that in this department renewed efforts will be made during the ensuing year, to achieve the highest excellence and retain the deepest interest. In evidence of this we refer to the offer made in another column

for a PRIZE NOVEL—an offer more munificent than has yet been made in America.

In a word, it is our determination to make FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, for the future, as it has been in the past, the best, as it is the cheapest, Pictorial and Family Paper in America.



CAMP IN THE ARMY—CAMPING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WOODS, "OUTSIDE THE LINE," NEAR KEMPERS, TENN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. HERVEY LOVER.



When we last saw Jones he was quite jolly over the suggestion of his neighbor Pips (who is over 45): "Suppose,



Jones, you were drawn in all six of your capacities?" To which Jones gleefully responded, "I shall go as 'steamship' and sell myself to Gid. Welles, per G. D. Morgan, at 5 per cent. premium!"

### Coming of Age.

WHY a youth is said to be "of age" when 21 years old very few can tell, except "so saith the law." In the early periods of English history a child was considered to be of age and a man when he was able to bear arms and protect himself. But this period varied at different times, depending very much on the character of the arms in use. At first these were light and easily handled, and then the time of coming of age was fixed at 12 years. After the Teutons were brought into collision with the well-armed Romans, a child of this age was of little use in battle, and the period of coming of age was fixed at 15 years. And when heavier armor was introduced, it was further extended to 21 years. An Anglo-Saxon child became entitled to the possession of his property at 10 years of age, but he could not deal with it until he was 15, and this was the age at which the Anglo-Saxons, at least at the later period of their history, were declared to have attained their majority.

If we were to be guided by the principle of the precedents, our young men should be regarded as of age when 18, inasmuch as they are then liable to military duty. As the average of human life in this country is less than 40 years, there seems to be no propriety in keeping men in a state of legal infancy for more than half the allotted space of existence.

### What our Fathers Did.

WHY are negroes exempt from the burthens of the war? Why are black men alone allowed to remain at home in peace and quiet, while the white men of the land are called into the ranks and sent to dig, suffer, fight, and die perhaps on Southern soil? One of the victims of the first collision between the citizens of Boston and the British soldiery was a negro. Negroes fought at Bunker Hill. New York sent her negroes into the field during the Revolutionary war. Virginia planters sent their slaves into the army as substitutes during the same war, and the State, under the lead of Jefferson, subsequently gave freedom to those who had been thus engaged. Even South Carolina herself did not hesitate to resort to a similar policy, and the letter of Col. Laurens, of that State, on the subject, is conclusive as to the right and expediency of calling in the services of negroes in time of war. The negro regiment from Rhode Island received the thanks of Washington for their bravery and fidelity. Jackson called the negroes of New Orleans to his side as soldiers, on terms of perfect equality, when the British assailed that city. Is the present war so much higher and holier than the war of the Revolution, that the employment of black soldiers would lower its character or debase its purposes? Are our Generals so much better than Washington, and Jefferson, and Jackson, that they may be contaminated by the apparition of negro regiments in their camps? Are we so strong that we need no assistance in the field? The rebel armies are backed by nearly four millions of negro slaves, who plant, and till, and gather, build fortifications, perform the thousand drudgeries of the camp, and thus contribute in a degree scarcely to be estimated to the rebel strength. The rebels do not hesitate to boast of this element of power. "It is true," says a late number of the *Richmond Whig*, "we have not as many men as the North, but our slaves, under the management of the boys under 18 and the old men, attend to the crops, and leave our fighting men in the field. Not so with the North. Whenever she puts anything like her military strength in the field she weakens her power to feed her people, and although her white population, in 1860, was 19,000,000, against 3,700,000 whites of the South, and although she ought, therefore, to be able to send out two soldiers where we can send one, yet we question much if she can send out her one million as readily as the South can." Experience has shown that the advantage here claimed for the South is real. The question simply is, shall they be allowed to retain it?

A NEW ALLEGATION OF CAUSES.—The emissaries of the South abroad have taken to whitewashing the "corner stone of the Southern edifice," as the rebel Vice-President, Stephens, called Slavery. Europe has an invincible "prejudice" (that is the word which Mr. Yancey uses) against the "institution." So the petitioners for foreign intervention have quietly withdrawn their old allegation of the aggressions of the North on slavery, by the reiteration of which they roused the South to rebellion, and put their justification of Secession on grounds more acceptable to the British and foreign public. Slavery, it seems, had nothing to do with the rebellion! It was the tariff on brandy, and the impost on nails, primarily, with a secondary dislike of preaching and peddling! This is the way the traitor and charlatan, Maury, puts the case to Admiral de Chabanne:

"The negro is not, as the Yankees would have the world believe, the cause or the object of the war. The tariff and hatred of the Yankee character—these are the true causes. They are a nation of shopkeepers and pedlars; and under pretext of raising revenue to maintain the Government, Southern industry was taxed to support Yankee workshops. With this they waxed fat and grew insolent, until their insolence became unbearable."

SHARPSHOOTERS.—Col. Berdan calls for a reinforcement of his corps of sharpshooters, now considerably reduced by disease and casualties. He says:

"I have 1,400 new Sharp's rifles, with double triggers, made expressly for this corps, on hand; also 900 Colt's rifles—and I am unwilling to believe that in this our country's great struggle for national existence the sharpshooters of the North will allow them to remain idle."

TRULY SPOKEN.—"We are ruining our Generals and troops by apologizing for and explaining away their wretched failures. Let us have done with this humbug and delude ourselves no longer. Our army wants criticism, rebuke—not eulogy—if we would have it save the nation."—*World*.

THE COMET.—The astronomers have had in hand the comet which we have seen for some weeks past in the northern sky, and have measured it and settled its path. Including its tail, it is in round numbers 3,000,000 miles long. It was nearest the earth on the 30th of August, when it was distant only 32,500,000 miles. Its nearest approach to the earth's orbit was on the 11th of September, when it came within about 2,000,000 miles.

INTERVENTION.—The *Richmond Dispatch* has the following rather rational remarks on foreign intervention:

"Anything less than armed intervention by several of the leading powers of Europe will do our cause more harm than good. The recognition of our independence, the raising of the blockade, and alliance, offensive and defensive, with France or England, would but exasperate and unite the North, and thus strengthen her and induce us to relax our exertions, and thereby weaken us. No one power in Europe can successfully invade the North."

CENTLINEAR DEPRIVITY.—Some penny-a-liner thus jokes about a man attempting to murder his wife:

"SEPT. 1.—Nelson Leon Gordon Brown, a modern Othello, and evidently by his color of Moorish origin, was convicted of attempting to cut the throat of his Deademona, Miss Mylvena Palmer. He was sentenced to State Prison for three years."

The above is, of course, in the *Express*.

PROPORTION OF SEXES IN POPULATION.—The census of 1860 reveals some curious features. One of these is the relative proportion of the sexes in the population. In 26 States, embracing the South and West, there is an excess of males to the number of 807,681; in eight, embracing Connecticut, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina and Rhode Island, there is an excess of females to the number of 74,393. So that the total excess of males in the United States over females, is 733,288. This result is partly due to emigration. The larger part of foreigners coming to the country is made up of males. In Great Britain, and partly for the same reasons, the preponderance of population is female—there being 573,330 more females than males. The excess of females over males in the State of New York is 11,032.

HOW THEY DID IT IN FRANCE.—The history of the great French Revolution is not without its lessons. The first efforts of the French Republic in the field were discouraging, and the results achieved by the revolutionary armies most unsatisfactory. Finally the nation, after a long series of reverses, became desperate, and resorted to bold and novel expedients to turn the tide and "organize victory." First, they saw that their numerous armies were beaten in detail through the superior strategy of the enemy, and hence they ordered that the armies of the republic should move only in great bodies and attack *en masse*. The effect of this rude but wonderful decree was of course an immediate change for the better, as no opposing force could resist a furious onset made *en masse* by a great army. Second, they took to trying and punishing their Generals for ill success. Some were banished, some imprisoned, and some executed. This fearful pressure induced every General to fight for his life, and quickened his wits in the most remarkable style. Savage as was the device, it succeeded. Third, they ordered their Generals to achieve fixed results by given times, and tried them for their lives if they failed. In this too they met with much success. It overcame the proverbial tardiness of Generals. Fourth, they sent civil agents to accompany each army in the field, and see that the orders from Paris were promptly enforced. These agents were members of the Government mostly; and although they did much damage by their intermeddling, in cases where bad agents were chosen, yet in others they accelerated good results, and on the whole kept such a watch on the Generals as to compel them to be on the alert in all their movements. Such expedients may seem somewhat startling; but as they were successful in France, it may not be improbable that something of the same kind here would be of use. However that may be, one thing is certain, we cannot get on much longer without a change in the leadership of our armies.

THE VOICE OF THE PROPHETS.—Recent acts of unnecessary and unprecedented arbitrary power by the Government recall the warnings of John Adams, uttered in 1775:

"Nip the shoots of arbitrary power in the bud; is the only maxim which can ever preserve the liberties of any people. When the people give way, their decessors, betrayers and destroyers press upon them so fast that there is no resisting afterwards. The nature of the encroachment is to grow every day more encroaching; like a cancer, it eats faster and faster every hour."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Post*, who "holds in reserve" his theological views on the cometary system, ventures the suggestion that the aurora borealis "is nothing but a fire issuing from the ends of the earth's axle, caused by a want of grease on the wheels."

THE QUESTION OF EMANCIPATION IN KENTUCKY.—A report has been made to the Legislature of Kentucky, by the Committee to which was referred the proposition of the President, afterwards incorporated into a resolution of Congress, in relation to gradual emancipation. It concludes with the following resolution:

"Resolved, That we decline the adoption of a system of gradual emancipation of slaves in this State."

MONTH AND ORANGE.—It has been said that rhymes have never been found for month and orange. A correspondent of the *London Athenaeum* has probably come as near it as possible, in the following quatrain:

"Let memory through the chronicles of war range,  
Ascending Time's great stream, that swiftly runneth;  
Let us recall how William, Prince of Orange,  
Resisted Louis many a weary month."

THE REBELS AND THE TELEGRAPH.—The rebels have used our telegraph wire in Virginia with even more success than they did in Kentucky, and with quite as much impudence. The moment Fitz Hugh Lee captured Manassas, he telegraphed in the name of Gen. Pope's Chief of Staff to the proper officer in Washington, requesting him to send to the Junction a large supply of shelter tents and harness for artillery horses. The order was promptly filled, and the rebels were soon gladdened by the appearance of a train loaded with what they wanted. Jackson, on his arrival, sent a message to the Superintendent of Military Railroads, coolly asking him to change the time-table on the road for his accommodation. We shall probably soon find these and other equally gratifying correspondence published in the form of a telegraphic operator's diary in the Southern newspapers.

THE REBEL CAPTURES AT MANASSAS.—A correspondent estimates the property which fell into the hands of the rebels at Manassas as follows:

"Seven trains heavily laden with stores, 10 first-class locomotives, 50,000 pounds of bacon, 1,000 barrels of beef, 2,000 barrels of pork, several thousand barrels of flour, and a large quantity of oats and corn. A bakery which was daily turning out 15,000 loaves of bread was destroyed."

WHAT WE SHOULD HAVE.—We should have a progressive Government policy, adhering faithfully to our Constitution and laws, as far as stern necessity will permit, but day by day more determined to destroy the Rebellion, even if it imply the downfall of every man or institution which upholds it, if such destruction be necessary to the solution of the important problem. Our military policy, too, must not only be progressive but aggressive, no longer waiting the advance of the rebels and content with repelling them, but marching against them, supplying the places of captured brigades, retreating divisions, or even annihilated armies, with new armies, the motto of which shall be Forward! "Every Captain," said Nelson at Trafalgar, "will be doing his duty if he comes into the fire and engages his enemy."

"THE DICTATOR."—This is the name chosen by Capt. Ericsson for his monster iron-clad vessel, to which he is about to devote all his skill and energy. She will be of immense size and strength, longer than the *Persia* or *Niagara*, and bearing heavier and thicker armor than almost two ordinary iron-clads. The side armor will be of the extraordinary dimensions of 10½ feet thick; the wooden armor, or "lining," being six feet thick.

THE AMERICAN CAMP CHEST.—To include, within the dimensions of 31 inches one way and 18 another, four chairs, a table, cooking-apparatus, cups, coffee-pot, castors, knives, forks, spoons, and everything necessary to an officer's tent, is one of the marvels accomplished by Mr. Parr in the American Camp Chest. It is most ingenious and most useful—indeed every officer, or every four officers, ought to have one, for every chest is calculated for four. The weight is 40 pounds! We cannot conceive a more welcome present than one of these *multum in parvos*. The price is so moderate that it is a wonder the utensils and articles can be made for the money. The Company's office is at 202 Broadway.

THE DUTY OF THE PRESIDENT.—The *Times*, after frankly admitting that all of our reverses in the field have been due exclusively to bad Generalship, judiciously observes:

"The Government must give the country the benefit of services whose transcendent value has been proved. Rank, age, political influence, personal solicitation, everything should yield to the paramount weight of conspicuous and established merit. Let the President select the Major-General who has handled his division throughout with the steadiest valor and the most comprehensive and effective skill, and give him

command of the army of Virginia, and he will have taken the first and most important step toward destroying the rebel army and crushing the rebellion. If he has not the strength or self-reliance to take this step, the rebellion will certainly crush him."

LOSSES IN THE RECENT BATTLES.—A statement is current in the newspapers, founded, it is said, on estimates of the Surgeon-General, that the total losses before Washington are as follows:

Killed.....	1,000
Wounded.....	6,000
Prisoners.....	2,000
Total.....	9,000

This is wholly irreconcilable with the official report of Gen. Pope that his loss in the battle of Friday, August 29, was 8,000 in killed and wounded.

REBEL STRENGTH.—The *Richmond Whig* estimates the fighting strength of the South at 1,000,000 of men. To get at the result it coolly counts in the whole of Kentucky, Missouri, Maryland and Western Virginia. The actual fighting force of the Seceded States was from the first less than 700,000, and it has been greatly reduced by sickness and the fatality of the battle-field. The rebel Confederacy cannot now bring into the field more than 400,000 effective fighting men, and with proper energy we can crush this force before Christmas.

IMBECILE GENERALS.—If it is any consolation to know that we are not alone nor the first who have suffered from the incapacity of Generals in the field, that knowledge may be obtained from Wellington's account of how much he suffered from military imbecilities in his Peninsular campaigns. His opinion of some of his subordinates in high command is significantly though humorously expressed in the following account of some officers who were to encounter Ney and Massena:

"Really, when I reflect upon the characters and attainments of some of the general officers of this army, and consider that these are the persons on whom I am to rely to lead columns against the French Generals, and who are to carry my instructions into execution, I tremble; and as Lord Chesterfield said of the Generals in his day, 'I only hope that when the enemy reads the lists of their names he trembles as I do.'—and—will be a very nice addition to this list! However, I pray God and the Horse Guards to deliver me from Gen. — and Col. —"

THE HIGHER LAW.—A correspondent, a few weeks married, wishes to know "if this is a Christian country, where the Governors fear the Lord and keep his commandments? If so," he adds, "I appeal to the 'higher law' against being drafted by Gov. Morgan." And he quotes Deuteronomy, chap. xxiv., 5th verse:

"When a man hath taken a new wife he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business; but he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer up his wife which he has taken."

BERGHAUS, in his *Physical Atlas*, gives the following division of the human race according to religion:

Buddhists.....	31.2 per cent.
Christians.....	30.7 "
Mohammedans.....	15.7 "
Brahmanists.....	13.4 "
Heathen.....	8.7 "
Jews.....	0.3 "

SINCE the 1st day of January, 1862, over 6,000 Chinamen have arrived at San Francisco.

THE IMPENDING WAR BETWEEN GARIBALDI AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.—Even in the whirl of our own affairs we cannot help turning an anxious glance toward the leader of republicanism in the Old World—the indomitable Garibaldi. He succeeded in getting away from Sicily on the 25th of August, and landed at Miletto in Calabria, where several towns at once pronounced in his favor. King Victor Emanuel has sent royal troops to arrest him, but it is believed that of these two-thirds would go over to his side, and that none would fire on him. Meanwhile the Emperor Napoleon has accepted the gage of battle offered him by Garibaldi, and in reply to his "Rome or Death!" has issued the following declaration in the official *Moniteur*:

"In view of the insolent threats and possible consequences of the demagogic insurrection, it is the duty of the French Government, and its military honor obliges it more than ever, to defend the Holy Father. The world must be well aware that France does not abandon those to whom when in danger she extends her protection."

Military preparations are accordingly going on in the French ports, which are viewed depressingly in Paris, where Government securities have gone down below 60. The Italian Minister, Ricasoli, has gone to London, to confer with Earl Russell. Unless Garibaldi is cut off by some accident, we must soon hear stirring news from Italy. The struggle, although nominally between Garibaldi and Napoleon, is really between Democracy and Despotism.

"URRITATING."—Under the beneficent administration of Mr. Buchanan, when thieves and traitors ruled the nation, a man named Duddington was captain of the Capitol police at Washington. It is needless to say that he was an active supporter of the Administration; it is hardly necessary to add, considering that he held an important and responsible office connected with the safety of the Capitol, that he was a Secessionist. But though a decided Secessionist, he was not an obtrusive one; he made little display of his Southern patriotism, and his politics were practically of that mild type which was not inconsistent with a willingness to retain his office after the accession of Lincoln. In fact, he was not indisposed to mediation and compromise, and was inclined to bring back our misaligned and rather impetuous Southern brethren by gentle and conciliatory means. So he visited Senator King, during the special executive session of the Senate, called on the 4th of March, to consider the nominations of the new President, and suggested as a measure of reasonable compromise that the American flag, which always floats over each House of Congress, when it is in session, should not be raised. "Not raise the American flag! Why not?" asked the sturdy Republican Senator. "Because," said Duddington, "it irritates the Southern people." The careful Mr. Duddington soon after—about as soon as a note could reach the Secretary of the Interior from Mr. King—fell a victim to "this proscriptive Administration," and the places that had known him in Washington knew him no more. He was next, and very soon afterwards, heard of in command of a rebel battery, one of those which so long blockaded the Potomac, and were left so long without being "urritated" by our arms. There are a good many Duddingtons in the North still, who, while the rebels are slaying our brothers and bringing the cause of liberty in peril, are still afraid of doing anything that might "urritate" them.

PRESERVING THE CONSTITUTION.—Among the incidents attending the operations of the celebrated Mackerelville Brigade at or near the Seat of War is the following, recounted by the historiographer extraordinary of the corps, Mr. Kerr. It seems that just at the moment when the Conic Section was proceeding to make a "masterly movement,"

"An aged chap came dashing down from a First Family country seat near by, and says he to the General of the Mackerel Brigade: 'I demand a guard for my premises immediately. My wife,' says he, 'with dignity,' has just been making a custard-pie for the sick Confederates in the hospital, and as she has just set it out to cool near where my little boy shot one of your Vanda's this morning, she is afraid it might be taken by your thieving mudsills when they come after the body. I, therefore, demand a guard for my premises in the name of the Constitution of our forefathers!'"

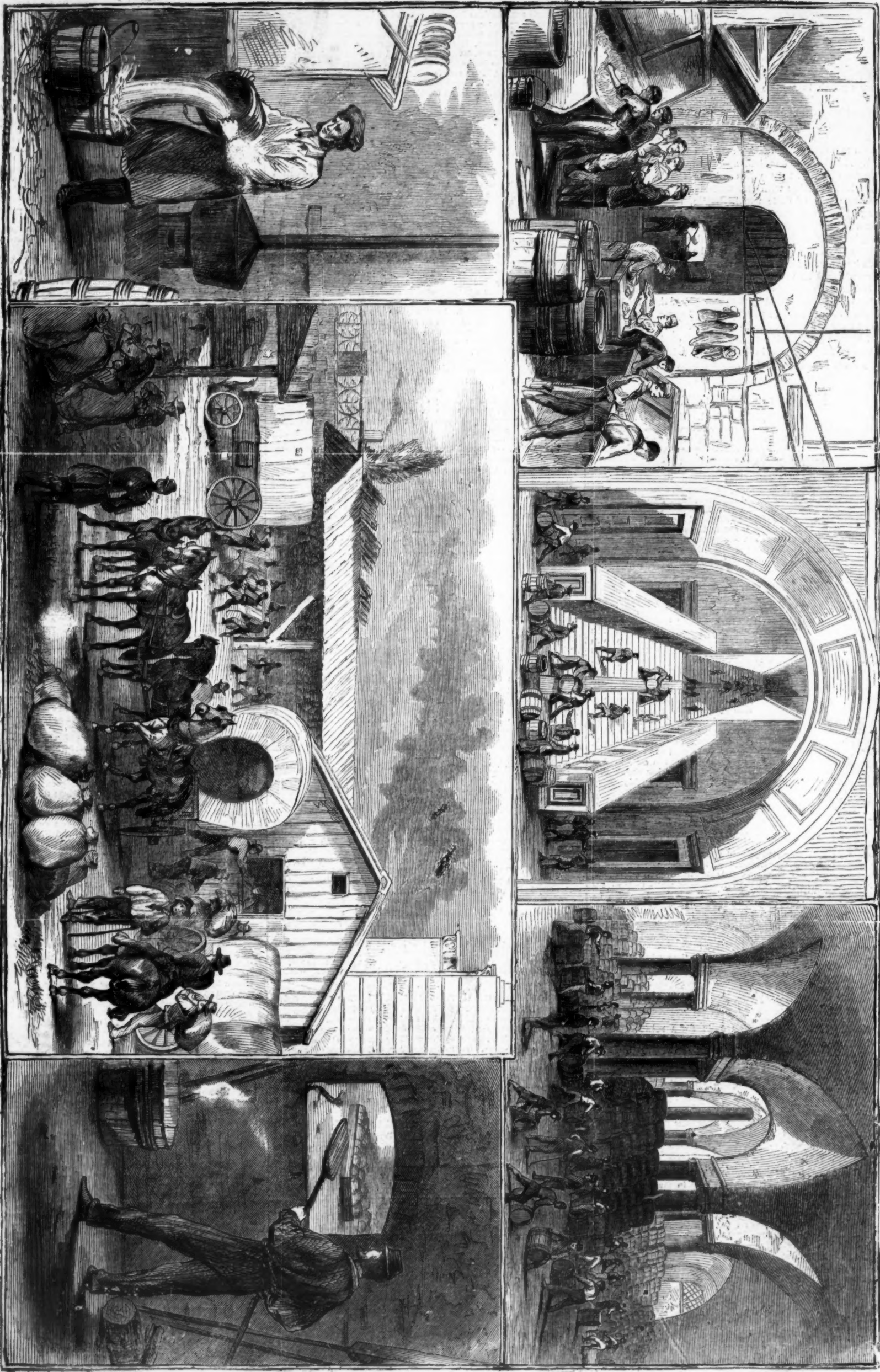
"Here Capt. Bob Shorty stepped forward, and says he: 'What does the Constitution say about custard-pie, Mr. Davis?'"

"The aged chap spat at him, and says he: 'I claim protection under that clause which refers to the pursuit of happiness. Custard pies,' says he, 'reasonably,' are included in the pursuit of happiness!'"

"That's very true," says the General, looking kindly over his fan at the venerable petitioner. 'Let a guard be detailed to protect this good old man's premises. We are fighting for the Constitution, not against it.'"

"A guard was detailed, my boy, with orders to make no resistance if they were fired upon occasionally from the windows of the house; and then Capt. Brown pushed forward with what was left of Company 3, to engage the Confederacy on the edge of Duck Lake supported by the Orange County Howitzers."





THE GREAT NATIONAL BAKERY FOR THE U. S. ARMY, AT THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.—SCULPTED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.





PASS OF RIO FRIO, ON THE ROAD FROM VERA CRUZ TO THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Wm. J. M. L. 1852



## TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

## On his Demand for Three Hundred Thousand Men.

We're coming, Father Abraham, we're coming all along,  
But don't you think you're coming it yourself a little strong?  
Three hundred thousand might be called a pretty tidy figure,  
We've nearly sent you white enough, why don't you take the nigger?

Consider, Father Abraham, and give the thing a thought,  
This war has just attained four times the longitude it ought;  
And all the bills at Ninety Days as you have draw'd so free,  
Have been dishonored, Abraham, as punctual as could be.

We've fought, old Father Abraham, and fought uncommon bold,  
And gained amazing victories, or so at least we're told;  
And having whipped the rebels for a twelvemonth and a day,  
We nearly found 'em liquoring in Washington, in May.

Now, really, Father Abraham, this here's the extra ounce,  
And we are almost sick, you see, of such almighty bounce;  
We ain't afraid of being killed at proper times and seasons,  
But it's aggravating to be killed for Mac's strategic reasons.

If you'd be so obliging, Father Abraham, as to write  
To any foreign potentate, and put the thing polite,  
And make him loan a General as knows the way to lead,  
We'd come and list - Jerusalem and snakes! we would indeed.

But as the matter stands, Old Abe, we've this opinion, some,  
If you say Come, as citizens of course we're bound to come,  
But then we want to win, you see; if Strategy prevents,  
We wish you'd use the nigger for these here experiments.

Hereditary bondsman, he should just be made to know  
He'd convenience us uncommon if he'd take and strike a blow.  
The man as will not fight for freedom isn't worth a cuss,  
And it's better using niggers up than citizens like us.

So, Father Abraham, if you please, in this here game of chess,  
You'd better take the black men against the white, I guess,  
And if you work the niggers off before Rebellion's slain,  
Which surely ain't expectable—apply to us again.—Punch.

## FORT SNELLING, MINNESOTA.

The recent raids of the Indian Tribes upon our North-Western frontiers has called so much attention to our defences in that quarter, that we publish a view of Fort Snelling, which is situated on the point of land made by the confluence of the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers. It is in Hennepin county, Minnesota, and is about seven miles above St. Paul's.

## PASS OF THE RIO FRIO, MEXICO.

This part of our continent has lately assumed a new interest in American eyes, in consequence of the French invasion. Among the many difficult passes which the French army will have to traverse in their way to the "Halls of the Montezumas," is that of the Rio Frio, a sketch of which we have engraved. This famous pass is situated at the foot of the Popocatepetl, and presents one of the most beautiful scenes to be imagined. Below lies the valley of Mexico, nearly 100 miles in extent; its mountains veiled in clouds like a curtain, only at times raised by the brilliant rays of the sun gliding the broad extent of the Tezcuco lake.

The small valley of the Rio Frio, where we find the river of the same name, is inclosed by high hills; but below opens a pass of two or three miles in length, which presents still some great obstacles before we can descend into the table-land of Puebla. The traveller who has reached this point has accomplished the most difficult part of his journey—the rocky defiles through which he has passed being most notorious for the brigands which abound in Mexico. The many crosses among the rocks narrate dumb stories of murders committed here. Such a journey, therefore, requires a military escort, which is not of the most reliable kind.

## WAR NEWS.

## National Victory at Bolivar, Tenn.

GEN. GRANT telegraphed to the Government, under date of August 31, that he had information from Bolivar, Tenn., that Col. Hogg, in command of the 26th and 29th Ohio Infantry and some cavalry, was attacked by about 4,000 rebels the day before. Our troops behaved well, driving the enemy, whose loss was over 100. Our loss is 25 men killed and wounded. Col. Hogg being one of the number.

## An Iron-Plated Pirate.

ADVISED from Cuba state that on the 19th of August a rebel vessel-of-war, English built, of iron, and mounting eight guns, had anchored in the entrance to the harbor. She had a crew of 150 men, and was called the Florida, although she was previously known as the Oreto, lately released by the Admiralty Court at Nassau as an illegal prize. Intelligence of the Florida's arrival was immediately sent from Cardenas, Matanzas and Havana to our squadron at Key West, and at last accounts three Federal vessels of war were waiting for her to leave port. The Captain-General of Cuba, on learning the advent of the privateer, ordered her to leave at once, but her Captain claimed that he was in distress, and continued to remain at anchor. The former then ordered the naval officer at Cardenas to make a thorough search of the vessel, and if he found any prisoners on board of her to set them at liberty.

## Defeat of Rebels in Western Virginia.

Gen. White telegraphs from Martinsburg, Va., Sept. 7: "I have the honor to report that the enemy, 400 cavalry, who attacked my outposts have been defeated with the loss of about 50 prisoners, horses and arms, now in our possession. Our loss was two killed and 10 wounded. Capt. Grosvener and Lieut. Logan of the 12th Illinois cavalry. The loss of the enemy greatly exceeds ours, but it is not accurately known. The 12th Illinois cavalry, Col. Voss, behaved in a manner to maintain the honor of the State from which they hail."

## Capture of another English Steamer.

A LETTER from on board the United States steamer Cambridge, dated off Beaufort, August 22, states that the new gun-boat Octorara has captured a large English steamer off Charleston. She was loaded with saltpetre, ammunition and arms, and valued at \$250,000.

## NEWS, SCRAPS AND ITEMS.

THIRTEEN hundred and twenty-four persons, one-third of them women, killed themselves in England last year.

THE rotunda, the Senate and House halls, and the corridors of the Capitol at Washington, have been hastily converted into hospitals, cots and beds being placed in every available place.

At a meeting of the National War Committee of the city of New York on the 3d of Sept., a resolution was passed that Gen. Fremont and Gen. Mitchell be requested, with the consent of the Government, to organize, in this State, without delay, a corps of 50,000 men, and if the general Government refuses consent, then application will be made to the State Government.

THE crops of England are an undoubted failure. The *Mark Lane Express* states that the more that is known of the wheat crop the less satisfactory does it appear. The *Agricultural Gazette* gives a large number of special reports, and comes to the conclusion that the wheat crop is the worst for several years; that barley is barely an average; that oats are a fair average, and that beans and peas are generally good.

In a law case in London, relative to some property sold by Mr. Roupell, late member of Parliament for Lambeth, that person was put into the witness box and made one of the most extraordinary confessions on record. He admitted that he was guilty of perjury, forgery and fraud; having forged deeds of gift and a will, by which he obtained possession of the enormous estates of his late father, and raised £300,000 upon them—all of which he had exhausted. Mr. Roupell voluntarily returned to England and made these confessions.

ABOUT 3,000 persons have ascended Mount Washington, N. H., the past season, by the new carriage road.

THE borers for oil in the Venango region in Pennsylvania frequently strike veins of salt water. About three weeks since a well was sunk which flowed some five barrels daily, and has since increased to 15 barrels of salt water, so strong, it is said, as to crystallize as it flows from the vat.

THE RADETZKI MURDER CASE.—The trial of Radetzki, which was set down for trial on Wednesday next, in the Freehold (N.J.) Court of Oyer and Terminer, has been postponed, on the application of the prosecuting counsel, till the latter end of October. The counsel for the defence in this case is ex-Judge Stewart of this city.

THE FIRST TRIP OF THE NEW IRONSIDES.—The United States iron-clad frigate, New-Ironsides, arrived at Philadelphia on Tuesday evening, direct from Fortress Monroe, to obtain her masts, spars and rigging—to be a source of reliance when short of coal, and give her steadiness in a heavy breeze. She left Philadelphia on the 22d August at six o'clock in the evening, steamed all night and reached the magazine the next morning. After taking in her powder, she proceeded down the bay, arriving at the breakwater the next morning. She lay off there three days, testing her guns, which were found to work admirably. She then started for Fortress Monroe, making the run in 24 hours. All are satisfied with the working of the vessel and the machinery. The vibrations of her engines are scarcely apparent. With 60 revolutions per minute of the propeller, she obtains a speed of 7½ miles per hour. Her speed can be increased to nine knots per hour.

All her appointments on board are made with taste and neatness. The guns are removed from the ports and placed as nearly as possible in the centre of the vessel, and are properly fastened, so that no motion or rolling can loosen them. The armament consists of 14 11-inch Dahlgren guns and two 200-pound Parrott guns on the gun-deck, and two smaller guns on the spar-deck.

Little or nothing is allowed on deck except the necessary ropes and cordage. In front of the wheel is the pilot or lookout house, constructed of iron plate six inches thick.

THE NEW SOUTH.—Mr. Henry J. Winsor, of this city, has started a little weekly paper at Hilton Head, S. C., called *The New South*, which will be conducted in the interest of Freedom. It will endeavor to give a faithful picture of life afloat and ashore in its locality, together with a synopsis of news on the arrival of each steamer from the North. Mr. Winsor believes in the capability of the negroes for improvement and usefulness, and the philanthropic enterprise now being worked out in the department of the South will find an earnest friend in him.

A COLONY of 65 persons, consisting entirely of agriculturists and their families, sailed in the bark Chanticleer, on Wednesday, 4th inst., for Port de Paix, Hayti. They were all from Illinois, with the exception of one family from Wisconsin. They intend to join the cotton-raising settlement already in successful operation in the neighborhood of Port de Paix. Another colony will sail next month.

A FREE colored man, a drayman, was arrested and summarily hung by the rebels, in Fredericksburg, for carrying away articles for contrabands.

THE subscriptions to the war fund in Philadelphia now amount to nearly \$450,000.

THERE have been 30,000 visitors at Saratoga Springs this season.

COL. KOLTES, killed in the late battle at Bull Run, while leading his command, was a native of Rhine Province, Prussia, and about 36 years of age, arriving in this country 16 years ago. He held the position of professor in a college in Germany prior to his departure. He was for many years employed in the U. S. Mint in Philadelphia, and resigned to take part in the present war. He was formerly connected with the Marine service, and for some time stationed at the Philadelphia Navy Yard in the capacity of Lieutenant of Marines. He served as orderly Sergeant in one of the companies of a Pennsylvania regiment during the whole Mexican war. He was struck in the head by a shell during the late fight, while at the head of his brigade and gallantly leading them on.

## PERSONAL.

PROF. E. FEZANDIE, late of Paris, has opened his second series of classes in French, and in French Literature and History, at No. 10 Union Square. He has both Day and Evening Classes. Prof. Fezandie's abilities as a teacher and lecturer have justified, by that best of criterions, success, the recommendations given to him by some of the most distinguished literary and scientific men of France, on coming to this country.

MAJOR-GEN. MITCHELL has been assigned to the command of the department of the South, in place of Maj. Gen. Hunter.

MRS. JULIA GARDNER TYLER, widow of the late ex-President John Tyler has arrived at Fortress Monroe, Va., en route for the North. Mrs. Tyler is a Northern lady, daughter of the late Col. Gardner, of Long Island, owner of the island known by his name. Miss Gardner, at the time of her marriage with President Tyler, was one of the belles of New York fashionable life, and her marriage with the then President of the United States created a great sensation at the time. She now returns a widow, with six small children, to the scenes of her childhood.

DION BOURCICAULT is said to have realized \$185,000 by his share of the profits of the "Colleen Bawn" in London, and has invested \$85,000 in the purchase of an estate at Brompton, England, known as "Hertford House."

MADAME ALBONI is building a magnificent house in the Champs Elysees, Paris, notwithstanding that her present residence has all the appearance of a palace. Next year is likely to be the closing one of her professional career, but she has stated that it will not be a gilded by a "farewell" appeal to the public.

REPORTS from Helena, Arkansas, state that Brig.-Gen. Albert Pike, of the rebel army, is under arrest for treason to the rebel Government.

E. B. COLEMAN, an actor not unknown in this city, lately wrote from St. Catharines, Canada, asking Manager McKiever, of Chicago, to postpone an engagement Coleman had made with him, on account of the fear of drafting. Coleman, in his letter, says: "I trust my excuse will satisfy you as to the course I have taken, for if your company should be drafted it would inconvenience you as much as their non-arrival." To this letter Mr. McKiever replied: "As an American citizen your conduct is as despicable as that of those cowardly wretches who run from their country when they think their services may be required in the holy cause of preserving the Union. As a professional your conduct is simply unpardonable. I would not have you in my theatre on any terms. Canada is your place—remain in it for ever."

COL. THORNTON F. BRODHEAD, of the 1st Michigan Cavalry, was killed in battle a few days since, near Centerville. He was brought on to Alexandria, desperately wounded, where he lived for a few hours. Thus died a gallant soldier and most useful citizen. He was a native of New Hampshire, son of the Rev. and Hon. John Brodhead of that State, and was a graduate of the Harvard Law School. His age was 40 years. More than half of his life was spent in Detroit. He served with distinguished credit in the Mexican war of 1846-8, and as an officer in the 15th United States regiment. He leaves a family of a wife and five children. His brothers and nephews reside in New York and Boston.

MISS ISABELLA STEVENS, the niece of the New Jersey Croesus, Edwin A., or better known as the Lord of Castle Point, is now engaged with a number of ladies, old, middle-aged and young, in the good work of preparing lint and other medical comforts for the soldiers. We congratulate the ladies of Hoboken upon their useful occupation. It is better than gossiping or shopping.

It is said that the subject of Chiropody as applied to military pedestrianism has been referred by Mr. Stanton to the Surgeon-General, with whom Dr. Zacharie is now in daily communication upon the subject. No fitter man could be made available than this gentleman, should the matter be seriously entertained.

REV. GEO. JUNKIN, D.D., publishes the following card in the *Philadelphia North American*: "In your notice a few days since of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, there is a slight mistake. My daughter, the first wife of Major Thomas Jefferson Jackson, has been dead eight years. His present wife is a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Morrison, late President of Davidson College, N. C., and sister to Major Daniel H. Hill. Major Jackson received the soubriquet of 'Stonewall' from the fact that the hardest fight he had at Bull Run was near to the stone bridge, which they had blown up before the 21st of July. The Rock-bridge boys, almost all personally acquainted with him, hence called him 'Stonewall Jackson,' which, after the battle of Winchester, in which he used largely the stone fences which line the road and inclose the fields about three or four miles west of Winchester, they changed to 'Stonewall.'"

MISS CUSHMAN, the Queen of the American tragic stage, writes from Frankfort-on-the-Maine, as follows, concerning the war: "I only wish to Heaven I could go and be of some service at such a time as this in the United States. I hate the incompetency of womanhood. As a man, I could give my brains, my speech, my life, if necessary, as a woman, I can only wait the course of human events. How sad to be obliged to wait, and that, too, at a time when there appears to be so much heart-sickening in the land."

HON. JAMES F. SIMMONS, of Rhode Island, having resigned his seat in the United States Senate, Lieut.-Gov. Samuel G. Arnold has been elected to fill his place for the remainder of the term, which expires March 4, 1863.

HON. JOSEPH HOLT, of Kentucky, has been appointed Judge Advocate General.

## ART, LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

IN the year 1860, 9,496 books were published in Germany; in 1861, 9,393. Of these, 1,392 related to theology, 936 to jurisprudence, 908 to belles lettres, 518 to history, 838 to education, 512 to natural science, 496 to fine arts and 496 to medicine.

THE Government of Ecuador, by its representative Señor Flores, has made a proposition to the French Government to erect an observatory on the Plateau of Durito, the situation offering advantages such as few other spots in the world possess. Not only is the position of the plateau towards the axis of the earth, and, consequently, towards the starry firmament, peculiarly favorable, but its atmosphere is always clear, and it is almost entirely free from the rising and falling currents of air which offer such great optical difficulties to observation on most of the elevated points of the globe. A European observatory at Durito would, in all probability, have explored long ago the group of planets between Mars and Jupiter, of which Mr. Airy has just now discovered the 73d.

THE rigidity of the earth is a question of much interest to natural philosophers. Prof. Wm. Thomson has published a paper going to show that this rigidity must be greater than that of glass or steel, because, if not, the earth would so yield to the movement of the ocean, that differences in the height of tides would be hardly perceptible. He proposes a series of observations, to be taken at the islands of Iceland and Tenerife, which are so situated as to furnish data, in connection with the fortnightly tides, regarding the actual rigidity of the body of this planet.

THE new motive power invented by Mr. Lenoir, for which the National Exhibition has awarded a medal, has, it is said, been tried with success in the printing-office of the *Moniteur Universel*. Mr. L's system consists in the expansion of air by gas, fired by means of electricity.

FOREIGN journals announce an elaborate and costly work on the races inhabiting the Russian Empire, entitled, "Description Ethnographique des Peuples de la Russie." This important work has been compiled by M. T. de Pauly, Member of the Imperial Geographical Society of Russia, with the assistance of several distinguished scientific men.

IRELAND has been called a pauper country, but it no longer deserves the title. The Journal of the Statistical Society of London gives the following comparative statement of the paupers of the three kingdoms for 1860:

England and Wales.....	892,671 or 4.7 per cent.
Scotland.....	120,624 or 4.0 per cent.
Ireland.....	95,880 or 1.6 per cent.

DURING the past three years 590 plans for the construction of shipproof ships have been submitted to the British Admiralty, and on the 12th of last month 37 proposals were still under consideration.

## MENDICITY IN NAPLES.

EVERY traveller in Italy will recognize the truth of the following picture of Neapolitan mendicinity from a personal narrative of experiences in Italy, by Count Arrivabene:

"From the moment a traveller enters the port of Naples, one thing strikes him with ever-recurring pertinacity, and thrusts itself before his eyes, even ere he lands. It is mendicinity. Mendicinity is the scourge of Naples; a harpy, like that of Virgil, which spoils everything—which stands between you and the sun, and casts a gloomy shade in full mid-day. I hope the evil has by this time been abated; but, when I was last at Naples, mendicinity awaited the traveller even in the boat which conveyed him to the Mole; for the boatman, after being paid the price fixed by the tariff, asked for drinking money. It awaited him on the Mole; the Custom-house officer who mounted guard, with his gun in one hand, begged with the other. It awaited him at the Custom-house; the porter who took his luggage to the hotel asked for something beyond his legitimate fee. From the Custom-house to the hotel, the stranger passed literally between two hedges of beggars. One showed him the stump of his arm, another his withered leg; all being more or less afflicted with disease or malformations distressing to witness. One called him 'Excellency,' another 'General,' another 'Highness.' This crowd of mendicinity pressed upon him on his right, on his left, before him and behind him. However well he might have been forewarned against the danger, pity would at last seize him, and he would finish by distributing two or three carlini. From that moment he was lost."

"The news immediately spreads that a 'Milordto Inglese' has disembarked—that he gives alms—and that he lodges at the Croceire, or at the Vittoria. In the innocence of his soul, the newly-arrived traveller is ignorant of all this. He has been told so often to see Naples and then die, that, as soon as he has reached the hotel, and plunged his face and hands in its fresh water, he opens his window to look at the beautiful view which is before him—the Gulf, Capri, Posillipo, Vesuvius. He sees all this, and a cry of admiration escapes him. But at the same moment, in all the notes of the scale, in all kinds of intonation, he hears 'Excellency General—Highness! we are dying of hunger—we are dying of hunger!'"

"He looks down, attracted by the noise, and sees no longer the five or six beggars to whom he has given some trifle in coming to the hotel, but a band of beggars—a troop of beggars—a very army of beggars—who are all endeavoring to exhibit their misfortunes."

"The heart of the traveller is touched; he throws to the miserable creatures all the change he has, and shuts the window. Thenceforth he is condemned to look at the port, at Capri, Posillipo, and Vesuvius, through his window-panes; he dares not open the window again."

"He rings the bell, and asks the waiter what he can do to get rid of this eighth plague—a plague unknown to Pharaoh."

"You have probably given them some money," says the waiter, philosophically.

"Certainly," replies the traveller.

"Then, Excellency, there is no remedy," rejoins the waiter, in the tone of a man who has made up his mind to another's martyrdom.

"An idea suggests itself to the traveller."

"Order a carriage; I am going out, only I wish to get into it in the courtyard, and not at the door."

"The waiter bows, and leaves the room without replying. Ten minutes afterwards he comes up again, saying, 'The carriage is ready, Excellency.'"

"His Excellency goes down; the beggars, however, have made an irruption in the courtyard, and he is obliged to pass through the midst of them, and to push them forcibly aside ere he can reach his carriage. Hardly is he seated before he shouts with all the strength of his lungs—'Quick, coachman, quick!'"

"The coachman hesitates; some of the beggars are too close to the horses; some are before the pole, some behind the wheels. At last, however, he starts. His Excellency hears cries, groans, lamentations; no one has been touched, but every one appears to have been frightfully hurt. As long as the carriage rolls along a plane, or descends a hill, there is rest; the beggars know that in those situations his Excellency has the advantage of them; but at the first ascent they are waiting for him. From the distance he perceives them in two rows—one on each side of the street—leaning against the wall, or seated; all immovable, talking of their affairs until he arrives within ten steps of them. Then the two lines join and encircle the carriage, and his torments recommence."

"They stick close to the carriage all the time the horses are obliged to walk; and the coachman, who is himself a beggar of another kind, will keep the beasts walking as long a time as possible, so as not to injure his colleagues; in fact, he will put them into a trot when his complicity would become too evident."

"A little girl runs after the carriage and throws into it a yellow flower, which has a horrid odor. She, too, is a beggar. If the traveller does not fling back the flower, she will be sure to throw him one every time he passes, and some day, when she meets him walking, she will present him her account."

"A Capuchin jumps on the carriage steps, shaking his bag. He, too, is a beggar. He begs for the souls in purgatory. If his excellency gives him anything, he is off, without even saying, 'Thank you; if he does not, he excommunicates him in the name of our Lord.'"

"On reaching the Toledo, where the carriage is obliged to fall into the rank of a man, nearly as well dressed as the traveller, speaks to him, putting his hand to his hat and bowing; his Excellency touches his hat and returns the bow. Some words pass between them, and then the traveller discovers that his interlocutor is a beggar like the rest, with only this difference—that he begs in a black coat and cravat, or, if he does not actually beg, at least finds something to solicit."

"Should his Excellency stop before a café to take an ice, or at a shop to buy some trifle, he probably gets out of the vehicle quietly enough; but, in returning to his carriage, he finds it literally stuck fast, hemmed in by women, old men and children—like a ship in the ice in the midst of the Polar Seas."

"He imagines that, on leaving Naples, he will escape this annoyance. Half-distracted, he cries, 'To Pozzuoli! Alas! mendicinity outside the city is even better organized than within. The fellow who runs after him to sell antiquities—the one who insists upon conducting him to the baths of Nero—he who goes before him into the temple of Diana at Baise—are all beggars. This man, who almost loses his breath in running after the carriage as soon as he sees it, and who leads two peasants who dance the Tarantella—he, too, is a beggar. This other, who strokes and pats your dog, if you happen to have one—he, also, is a beggar; he will ask you for something for having patted your dog!'"

"This goes on day after day. At the end of a fortnight the traveller's patience is exhausted, and he is almost tempted to say, 'It is not see Naples, and die, but rather die than again see Naples.'"



## A BATTLE PIECE.

PEONY proud! I love thy smell,  
Red thing that overbear's the rose;  
Thy crimson suits my mood so well,  
I call thee the fairest flower that blows.

Be thou my battle flower; aha!  
The lily sickens—the rose is weak—  
The lilac is withered; but thou—hurrah!  
Thy damask is hue for a manly cheek.

So, lady, take my peony proud—  
I merely plucked it as I passed  
Through the garden gate. . . . I go with the crowd,  
To nail my country's flag to the mast.

I'm going a soldiering—folks, good-bye!  
Love is nothing to me—nor fame;  
They want some fighting men, and I  
From a race of fighting fathers came.

So my fighting flower! my peony proud,  
I pluck thee and send thee to her that I love;  
Tell her I'm going to join the crowd,  
And ask her to send me her latest glove.

## AURORA FLOYD.

## CHAPTER XXIII.—ON THE THRESHOLD OF DARKER MISERIES.

JOHN went straight to his own apartments, to look for his wife; but he found the guns put back in the usual places and the room empty. Aurora's maid, a smartly dressed girl, came tripping out of the servants' hall, where the rattling of knives and forks announced that a very substantial dinner was being done substantial justice to, to answer John's eager inquiries. She told him that Mrs. Mellish had complained of a headache, and had gone to her room to lie down. John went up-stairs, and crept cautiously along the carpeted corridor, fearful of every footfall which might break the repose of his wife. The door of her dressing-room was ajar; he pushed it softly open and went in. Aurora was lying upon the sofa, wrapped in a loose white dressing-gown, her masses of ebony hair uncoiled and falling about her shoulders in serpentine tresses, that looked like shining blue-black snakes released from poor Medusa's head to make their escape amid the folds of her garments. Heaven knows what a stranger sleep may have been for many a night to Mrs. Mellish's pillow; but she had fallen into a heavy slumber on this hot summer's day. Her cheeks were flushed with a feverish crimson, and one small hand lay under her head twisted in the tangled masses of her glorious hair.

John bent over her with a tender smile.  
"Poor girl," he thought; "thank God that she can sleep, in spite of the miserable secrets which have come between us. Talbot Bulstrode left her because he could not bear the agony that I am suffering now. What cause had he to doubt her? What cause compared to that which I have had a fortnight ago—the other night—this morning? And yet—and yet I trust her, and will trust her, please God, to the very end."

He seated himself in a low easy-chair close beside the sofa upon which his sleeping wife lay, and resting his head upon his arm, watched her, thought of her, perhaps prayed for her; and after a little while fell asleep himself, snoring in bass harmony with Aurora's regular breathing. He slept and snored, this horrible man, in the hour of his trouble, and behaved himself altogether in a manner most unbecoming in a hero. But then he is not a hero.

He is stout and strongly built, with a fine broad chest and untamably robust health. There is more chance of his dying of apoplexy than of fading gracefully in a decline, or breaking a blood-vessel in a moment of intense emotion. He sleeps calmly, with the warm July air floating in upon him from the open window, and comforting him with its balmy breath, and he fully enjoys that rest of body and mind. Yet even in his tranquil slumber there is a vague something, some lingering shadow of the bitter memories which sleep has put away from him, that fills his breast with a dull pain, an oppressive heaviness which cannot be shaken off. He slept until half-a-dozen different clocks in the rambling old house had come to one conclusion, and declared it to be five in the afternoon; and he awoke with a start, to find his wife watching him, Heaven knows how intently, with her black eyes filled with solemn thought and a strange earnestness in her face.

"My poor John," she said, bending her beautiful head and resting her burning forehead upon his hand, "how tired you must have been to sleep so soundly in the middle of the day! I have been awake for nearly an hour watching you."

"Watching me, Lolly—why?"

"And thinking how good you are to me. Oh, John, John! what can I ever do—what can I ever do to atone to you for all—"

"Be happy, Aurora," he said huskily, "be happy, and—and send that man away."

"I will, John; he shall go soon, dear—to-night!"

"What! then that letter was to dismiss him?" asked Mr. Mellish.

"You know that I wrote to him?"

"Yes, darling, it was to dismiss him—say that it was so, Aurora. Pay him what money you like, to keep the secret that he discovered, but send him away, Lolly, send him away. The sight of him is hateful to me. Dismiss him, Aurora, or I must do so myself."

He rose in his passionate excitement, but Aurora laid her hand softly upon his arm.

"Leave all to me," she said quietly. "Believe me that I will act for the best. For the best, at least, if you couldn't bear to lose me; and you couldn't bear that, could you, John?"

"Lose you! My God, Aurora, why do you say such things to me? I wouldn't lose you. Do you hear, Lolly? I wouldn't. I'd follow you to the farthest end of the universe, and Heaven take pity upon those that came between us."

His set teeth, the fierce light in his eyes, and the iron rigidity of his mouth, gave an emphasis to his words which his pen could never give if I used every epithet in the English language.

Aurora rose from her sofa, and twisting her hair into a thickly-rolled mass at the back of her head, seated herself near the window, and pushed back the Venetian shutter.

"These people dine here to-day, John?" she asked listlessly.

"The Lofthouses and Colonel Maddison? Yes, my darling; and it's ever so much past five. Shall I ring for your afternoon cup of tea?"

"Yes, dear, and take some with me, if you will."

I'm afraid that in his inmost heart Mr. Mellish did not cherish any very great affection for the decoctions of bohea and gunpowder with which his wife dosed him; but he would have dined upon cod-liver oil had she served the banquet, and he strung his nerves to their extreme tension at her supreme pleasure, and affected to highly relish the post-meridian dishes of tea which his wife poured out for him in the sacred seclusion of her dressing-room.

Mrs. Powell heard the comfortable sound of the chinking of the thin egg-shell china and the rattling of the spoons, as she passed the half-open door on her way to her own apartment, and was mutely furious as she thought that love and harmony reigned within the chamber where the husband and wife sat at tea.

Aurora went down to the drawing-room an hour after this, gorgeous in maize-colored silk and voluminous flouncings of black lace, with her hair plaited in a diadem upon her head, and fastened with

three diamond stars which John had bought for her in the Rue de la Paix, and which were cunningly fixed upon wire springs, which caused them to vibrate with every chance movement of her beautiful head. You will say, perhaps, that she was arrayed too gaudily for the reception of an old Indian officer and a country clergyman and his wife; but if she loved handsome dresses better than simpler attire, it was from no taste for display, but rather from an innate love of splendor and expenditure, which was a part of her expansive nature. She had always been taught to think of herself as Miss Floyd, the banker's daughter, and she had been taught also to spend money as a duty which she owed to society.

Mrs. Lofthouse was a pretty little woman, with a pale face and hazel eyes. She was the youngest daughter of Colonel Maddison, and was, "By birth, you know, my dear, far superior to poor Mrs. Mellish, who, in spite of her wealth, is only, &c., &c., &c.," as Margaret Lofthouse remarked to her female acquaintance. She could not very easily forget that her father was the younger brother of a baronet, and had distinguished himself in some terrific manner by bloodthirsty demolition of Sikhs, far away in the untractable East; and she thought it rather hard that Aurora should possess such cruel advantages through some pettifogging commercial genius on the part of her Glasgow ancestors.

But as it was impossible for honest people to know Aurora without loving her, Mrs. Lofthouse heartily forgave her her fifty thousand pounds, and declared her to be the dearest darling in the world; while Mrs. Mellish freely returned her friendliness, and caressed the little woman as she had caressed Lucy Bulstrode, with a superb yet affectionate condescension, such as Cleopatra may have had for her handmaidens.

The dinner went off pleasantly enough. Colonel Maddison attacked the side-dishes specially provided for him, and praised the Mellish Park cook. Mr. Lofthouse explained to Aurora the plan of a new schoolhouse which Mrs. Mellish was going to build for her husband's parish. She listened patiently to the rather wearisome details, in which a bakehouse and a washhouse and a Tudor chimney seemed the leading features. She had heard so much of this before; for there was scarcely a church, or a hospital, or a model lodging-house, or a refuge for any misery or destitution whatever that had been lately elevated to adorn this earth, for which the banker's daughter had not helped to pay. But her heart was wide enough for them all, and she was always glad to hear of the bakehouse and washhouse and the Tudor chimney all over again. If she was a little less interested upon this occasion than usual, Mr. Lofthouse did not observe her inattention, for in the simple earnestness of his own mind he thought it scarcely possible that the schoolhouse topic could fail to be interesting. Nothing is so difficult as to make people understand that you don't care for what they themselves especially affect. John Mellish could not believe that the entries for the Great Ebor were not interesting to Mr. Lofthouse, and the country clergyman was fully convinced that the details of his philanthropic schemes for the regeneration of his parish could not be otherwise than delightful to his host. But the master of Mellish Park was very silent, and sat with his glass in his hand looking across the dinner-table and Mrs. Lofthouse's head at the sunlit tree-tops between the lawn and the north lodge. Aurora, from her end of the table, saw that gloomy glance and a resolute shadow darkened her face, expressive of the strengthening of some rooted purpose deep hidden in her heart. She sat so long at dessert, with her eyes fixed upon an apricot in her plate, and the shadow upon her face deepening every moment, that poor Mrs. Lofthouse was in utter despair of getting the significant look which was to release her from the bondage of hearing her father's stories of tiger-shooting and pig-sticking for the two or three hundredth time. Perhaps she never would have got that feminine signal had not Mrs. Powell, with a little significant "hem," made some observation about the sinking sun.

The ensign's widow was one of those people who declare that there is a perceptible difference in the length of the days upon the 23d or 24th of June, and who go on announcing the same fact until the long winter evenings come with the 21st of December, and it is time for them to declare the converse of their late proposition. It was some remark of this kind that aroused Mrs. Mellish from her reverie, and caused her to start suddenly, quite forgetful of the conventional simpering beck to her guest.

"Past eight!" she said; "no, it's surely not so late?"

"Yes, it is Lolly," John Mellish answered, looking at his watch; "a quarter past."

"Indeed! I beg your pardon, Mrs. Lofthouse; shall we go into the drawing-room?"

"Yes, dear, do," said the clergyman's wife, "and let's have a nice chat. Papa will drink too much claret if he tells the pig-sticking stories," she added, in a confidential whisper. "Ask your dear, kind husband not to let him have too much claret; because he's sure to suffer with his liver to-morrow, and say that Lofthouse ought to have restrained him. He always says that it's poor Reginald's fault for not restraining him."

John looked anxiously after his wife as he stood with the door in his hand, while the three ladies crossed the hall. He bit his lip as he noticed Mrs. Powell's unpleasantly precise figure close at Aurora's shoulder.

"I think I spoke pretty plainly, though, this morning," he thought, as he closed the door and returned to his friends.

A quarter past eight, twenty minutes past, five-and-twenty minutes past. Mrs. Lofthouse was rather a brilliant pianist, and was never happier than when interpreting Thalberg and Benedetti upon her friends' Collard & Collards. There were old-fashioned people round Doncaster who believed in Collard & Collard, and were thankful for the melody to be got out of a good honest grand, in a solid rosewood case, unadorned with carved glorification or ornate fretwork. At seven-and-twenty minutes past eight, Mrs. Lofthouse was seated at Aurora's piano, in the first agonies of a prelude of six flats—a prelude which demanded such extraordinary uses of the left hand across the right, and the right over the left, and such exercise of the thumbs in all sorts of positions, in which, according to all orthodox theories of the pre-Thalbergite school, no pianist's thumbs should ever be used—that Mrs. Mellish felt that her friend's attention was not very likely to wander from the keys.

Within the long, low-roofed drawing-room at Mellish Park there was a snug little apartment, hung with innocent rosebud sprinkled chintzes and furnished with maple-wood chairs and tables. Mrs. Lofthouse had not been seated at the piano more than five minutes when Aurora strolled from the drawing-room to this inner chamber, leaving her guest with no audience but Mrs. Powell. She lingered for a moment on the threshold to look back at the ensign's widow, who sat near the piano in an attitude of rapt attention.

"She is watching me," thought Aurora, "though her pink eyelids are drooping over her eyes, and she seems to be looking at the border of her pocket handkerchief. She sees me with her chin or her nose, perhaps. How do I know? She is all eyes! Bah! am I going to be afraid of her when I was never afraid of him? What should I fear except—" her head changed from its defiant attitude to a drooping posture, and a sad smile curved her crimson lips—"except to make you unhappy, my dear—my husband. Yes," with a sudden lifting of her head and re-assumption of its proud defiance, "my own, true husband—the husband who has kept his marriage vow as unpolluted as when first it issued from his lips!"

I am writing what she thought, remember, not what she said; for she was not in the habit of thinking aloud, nor did I ever know anybody who was.

Aurora took up a shawl that she had flung upon the sofa and threw it lightly over her head, veiling herself with a cloud of black lace, through which the restless, shivering diamonds shone out like stars in a midnight sky. She looked like Hecate as she stood on the threshold of the French window, lingering for a moment, with a deep-laid purpose in her heart, and a resolute light in her eyes. The clock in the steeple of the village church struck the three-quarters after eight while she lingered for those few moments. As the last chime died away in the summer air, she looked up darkly at the evening sky, and walked with rapid footstep out upon the lawn towards the southern end of the wood that bordered the park.

(To be continued.)

## THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN, AUG. 30, 1862.

THE sketch we publish to-day of the disastrous battle of Saturday, 30th August, is the companion picture to that of last week, and represents the renewed fight, or concluding chapter of the second battle of Bull Run. Our Special Artist, Mr. Forbes, deserves great credit for the admirable manner in which he has given the general features of this eventful field, enabling the reader to form a pretty correct idea of a terrible conflict.

The battle of Saturday was a long and bloody one. Gen. Pope, having concentrated the greater portion of the army under his command, renewed the attack in the morning. It was supposed at first that the rebel forces engaged were only those which had been met on the previous days under the command of Gens. Jackson, Ewell and A. P. Hill; but it was afterwards ascertained that the enemy had received heavy reinforcements. The line of battle was formed with the left resting upon that portion of the Bull Run battlefield which, on the 21st of July, 1861, was occupied by the main body of the rebel troops, while the right was extended in the direction of Manassas Junction. The battle began at about 12 o'clock noon, and was waged with unwavering success for the Union forces until about four o'clock in the afternoon—Gen. Heintzelman being on the extreme right and Gen. McDowell on the extreme left, while the army corps of Gens. Fitzjohn Porter and Sigel, and Gen. Reno's division of Gen. Burnside's army, were placed in the centre. The enemy's artillery was advantageously posted, and at once opened a brisk and admirably well-directed fire upon our whole line from right to left. The ground in that vicinity is broken and uneven, and for the most part covered with woods. The rebel batteries occupied splendid positions upon rising ground. The fighting on both sides was desperate and destructive, either party frequently firing shrapnell and grape from the artillery. Our troops were protected to some extent by the unevenness of the ground, the undulations screening them from the destructive fire of the enemy's artillery. Still they suffered much, and the list of casualties during Saturday's fight will be considerable. Our artillery was well and faithfully served in reply to the guns of the enemy.

At about four o'clock the whole of Gen. Pope's troops, save those under Gen. Banks, were engaged at close quarters with the rebel forces. The conflict was a desperate one. The firing upon both sides was terrific, and the whole line of Gen. Pope's command, from Generals commanding army corps down to enlisted men, behaved with wonderful coolness, courage and determination, and fought with the most heroic valor from the beginning to the end. Before the determined and deadly fire of our infantry and artillery the heavy lines of the enemy began to waver, and it was believed at that time that a great and decisive victory had been won. But soon afterwards it became apparent that instead of having to contend against only the rebel troops under Gens. "Stonewall" Jackson, Ewell and A. P. Hill, the whole strength of the rebel army had been brought up and pushed to the front in this engagement. The lowest estimate put upon their numbers was 150,000 of their best troops, under the immediate command of Gens. Lee and Johnston. With the reckless disregard of life which the rebel commanders always have exhibited, the rebel troops were brought forward in dense masses and hurled with desperate violence against every part of our lines. The tide of battle turned adversely for us about half-past five o'clock. At that moment, without any diminution of the forces engaging our right and centre, overwhelming numbers of reinforcements were precipitated against our left wing, under Gen. McDowell, and it was soon compelled to fall back, not more on account of the violence of the assault than because there was great danger of all our forces being outflanked by the superior numbers of the enemy. Near nightfall our left wing had thus fallen back until the line of battle formed an angle of about 45 degrees with the one formed at the beginning of the battle. Thus while we held the battlefield on our right, the enemy held the field upon our left.

## DEATH OF GENS. KEARNY AND STEVENS.

THE present number of our paper is deeply interesting, as it contains the only authentic sketch of the battle of Saturday, the 30th August, and which reversed the hard fighting of the day before, illustrated in our last week's issue. The struggle was renewed on Monday at Chantilly, a small post village, two miles to the north-west of Fairfax, and four miles to the south-west of Vienna. The correspondent of the New York Tribune gives the following account of the death of those two gallant Generals—Kearny and Stevens—whose portraits we herewith present to our readers:

"Gen. Reno occupied the right, Gen. Stevens commanding the 2d division on the left. The latter moved against the enemy with determination, heading the troops in person. What might have been the result it is impossible to say, but Gen. Stevens, while leading the attack, was shot dead by a bullet through the head. His troops became disheartened by the loss of their General, and retreated in disorder."

"The movement of Gen. Stevens had been intended to cover the right of Reno's other division, which was in danger of being flanked. When Stevens had been killed, and his troops driven back, there was imminent danger that the right wing would be turned and the whole force destroyed. Unable to send forward reserves to reoccupy Stevens's position, Reno himself was falling back, and the whole line seemed likely to be lost. The enemy, fortunately, were without artillery, and unable, without a general advance, to inflict severe loss upon our troops."

"At this juncture Gen. Kearny, who had been ordered at 2 o'clock to move to Reno's support, arrived on the field with his division and at once advanced to the relief of our exhausted troops. The retirement of Stevens's division had left an opening through which the rebels were advancing, unknown to our forces. Gen. Kearny ordered Gen. Birney to move his brigade still further to the left than the position which Stevens had held, and learning that the rebels were approaching on the centre, rode forward himself to make a reconnaissance of the ground and the enemy. Most unfortunately, the latter were already further advanced than was suspected, and the gallant Kearny fell wounded, the ball going nearly through him. His body was sent to our lines the next morning under a flag of truce by order of Gen. Lee."

"The particulars of Gen. Stevens's death are these: Having made his dispositions, he led the attack on foot at the head of the 79th (Highlanders). Soon meeting a withering fire, and the Color Sergeant, Sandy Campbell, a grizzled old Scotchman, being wounded, they faltered. One of the color guard took up the flag, when the General snatched it from him. The wounded Highlander at his feet cried, 'For God's sake, General, don't you take the colors; they'll shoot you if you do!'

"The answer was, 'Give me the colors! If they don't follow me now, they never will!' and he sprang forward crying, 'We are all Highlanders; follow Highlanders; forward my Highlanders!' The Highlanders did follow their Scottish chief, but while sweeping forward a ball struck him on his right temple. He died instantly. An hour afterward, when taken up, his hands were still clenched around the flag-staff."

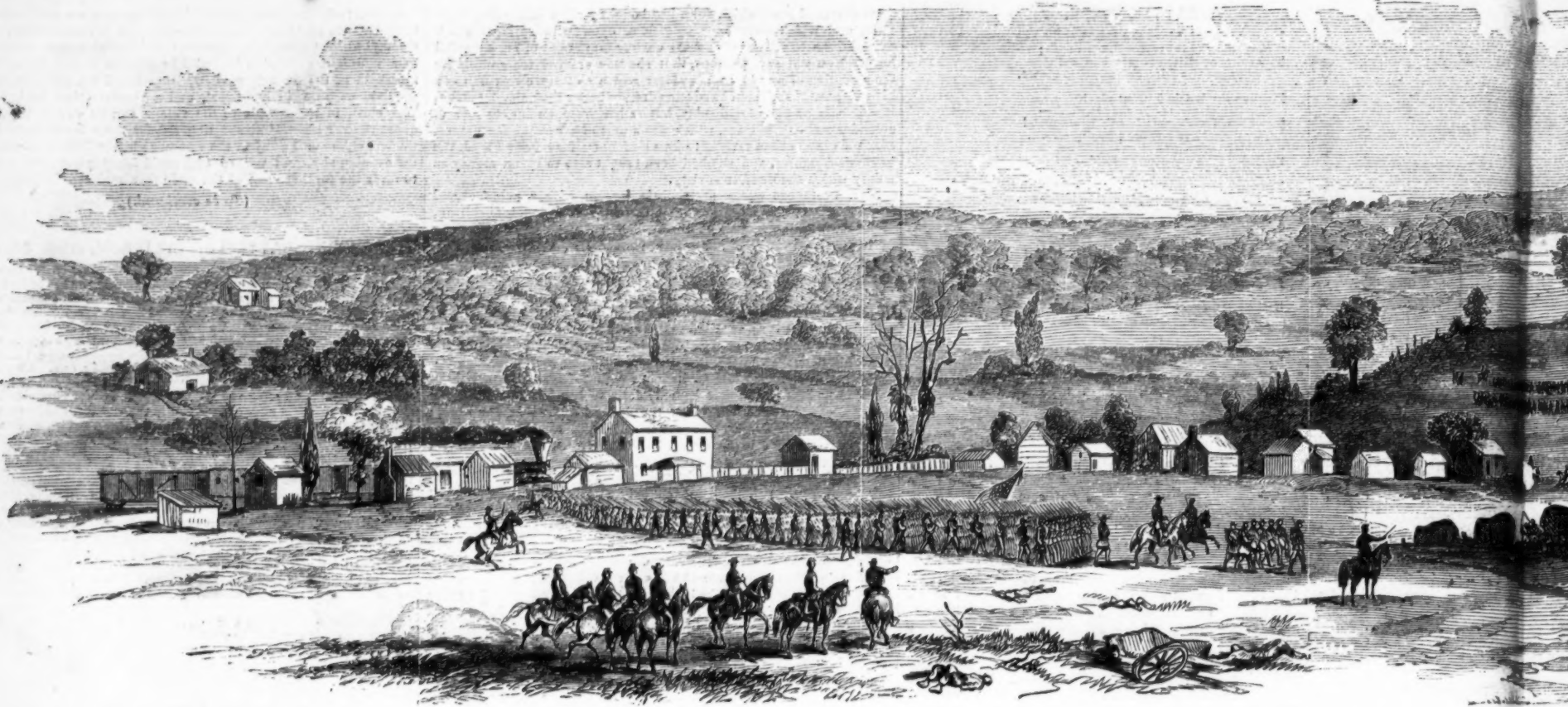
"Just before Gen. Stevens's death, his son and aid, Hazard, on receiving a wound exclaimed, 'Father, I am wounded!' Gen. Stevens replied, 'Well, son, I have no time to take care of you now,' and turning to a soldier, said, 'Corporal, see to my boy.'

"At the moment of attacking Gen. Stevens sent back for support. His Aid applied to several Generals, who answered that they had other duties, but when he came to Kearny, that intemperate General said, 'I won't refuse to stand by Stevens.' Lieut. Belcher was the officer who went for assistance."

## CAMP LIFE NEAR MEMPHIS.

MR. LOVIE has sent us a series of the most interesting sketches of our operations in the West, some of which will appear in our next. We have only room in our present paper for a characteristic scene representing camp life in one of its worst phases. But peace gambling in great cities, and gambling in a camp to wile away the monotony of inaction, are very different things. Morality must not be too exacting, but make great allowances for brave men, whose hearts are with their far off homes, and who require occasional excitement to carry them through their labors.





THE REBEL FORCES UNDER GENERAL JACKSON ADVANCING UPON THE RAPPAHANNOCK STATION AT THE RIVER—NATIONAL BATTERIES REPLYING TO THE REBEL ARTILLERY. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

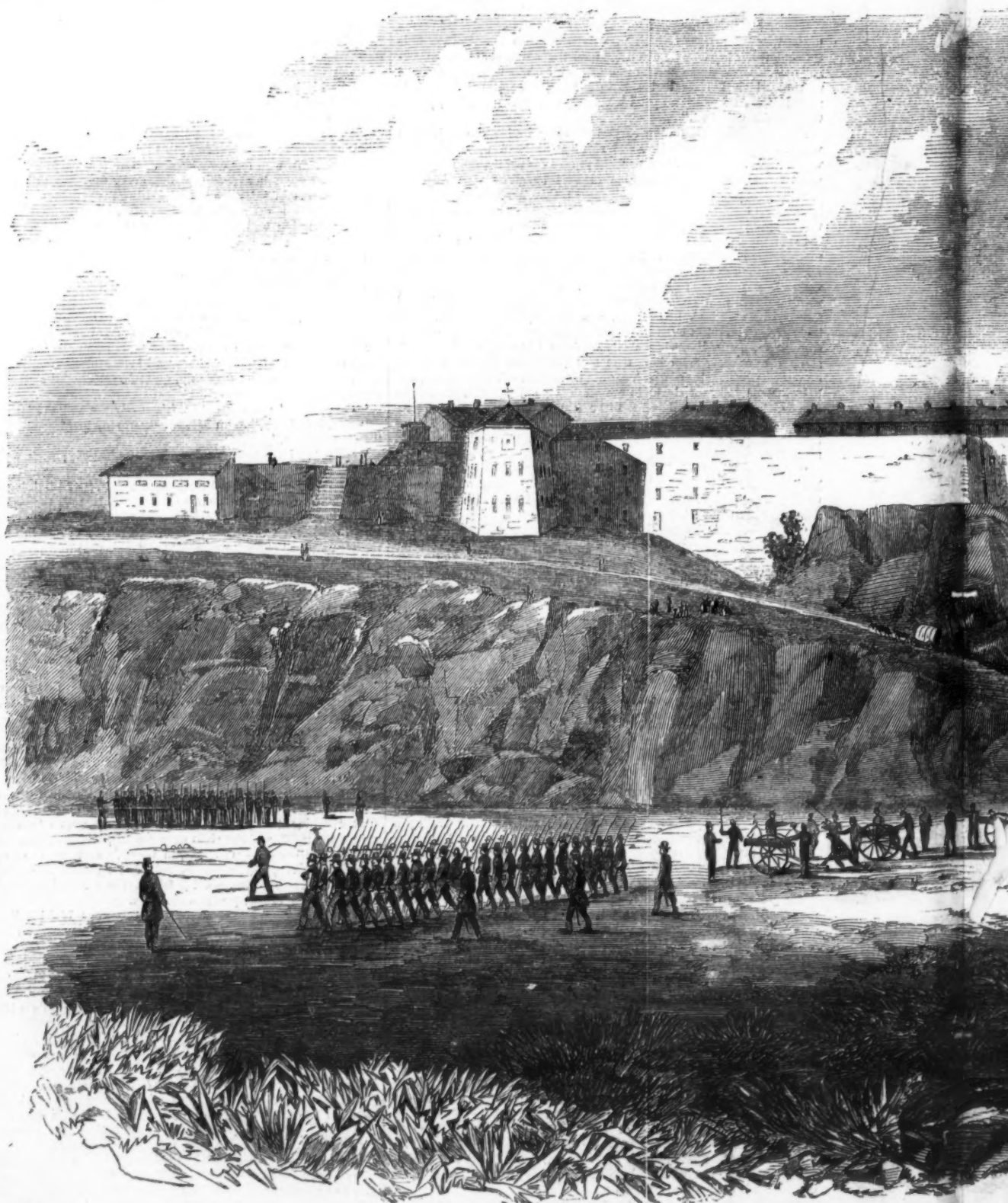
**MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY.**

PHILIP KEARNY was born in New York, on the 2d of June, 1815. His family, however, had been residents of New Jersey since 1710, when the first of the American Kearns came from Ireland to this country. In obedience to his mother's wish he commenced his career by studying law, but the spirit of military adventure was too strong in him, and he joined the United States 1st dragoons, commanded by his uncle Stephen Watts Kearny. His first commission was as 2d Lieutenant. After showing extraordinary aptitude for the study of war, he was sent to Europe, to study the cavalry tactics of France. From thence he went to Algiers, where he joined the 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique. He was there considered by the French officers as one of the bravest of the brave.



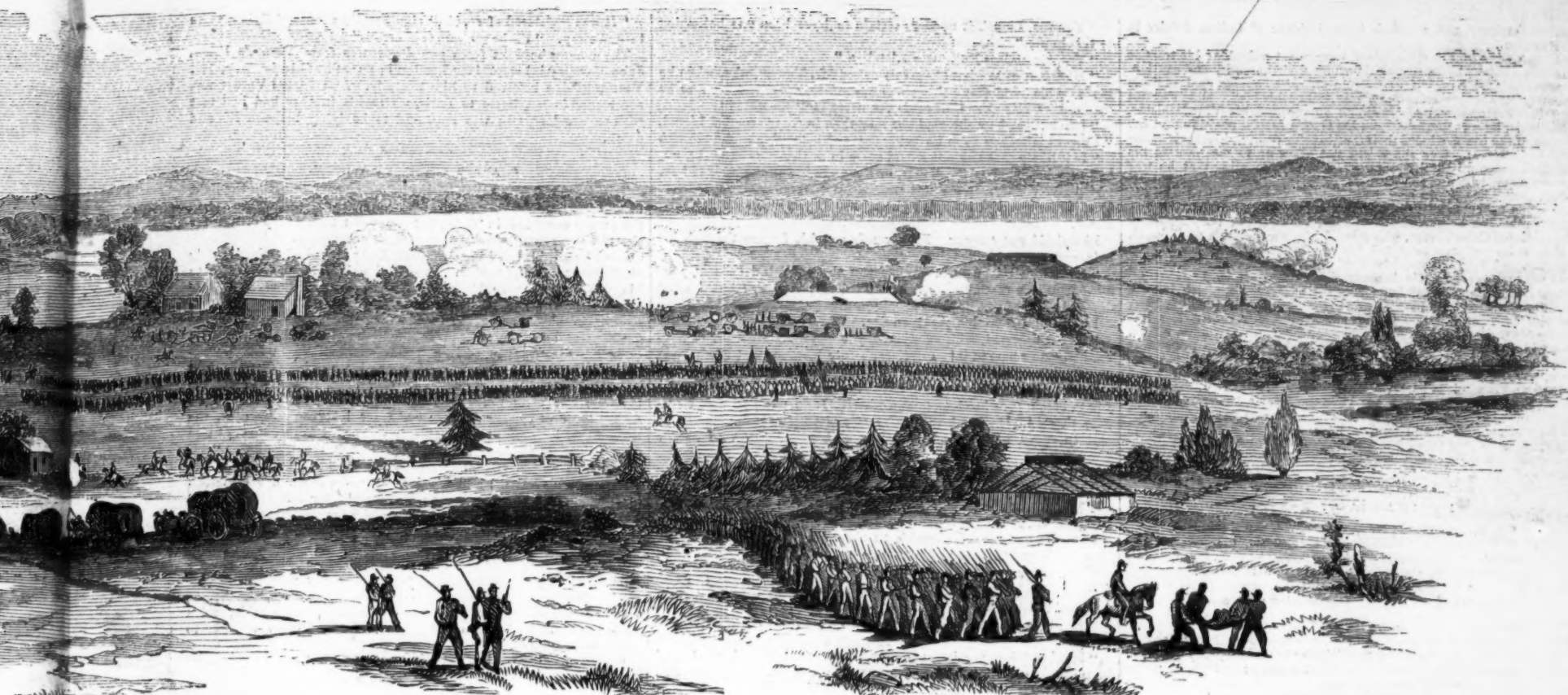
MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY, KILLED AT CHANTILLY, VA., SEPT. 1.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.

After mastering the tactics of the French system he returned to America, in time to take part in the Mexican war, where he greatly distinguished himself. In leading his company in a charge upon a Mexican regiment at the San Antonio gate he lost his left arm. After the Mexican war he was employed in California against the Indians. On the 9th of October, 1851, he resigned his commission, and returned to Europe, to study war in a more practical manner. He served as volunteer Aid to Gen. Maurice, a French officer of renown, through the Italian war, and for his gallantry received the Cross of the Legion of Honor. While residing in Paris he heard of the breaking out of the present rebellion; he immediately returned to his native land, and offered his services to the Government. After some delay he was appointed Brigadier-General in May, 1861, and since then has been actively employed, earning for himself, among his own troops, the name of "Fighting Kearny" and from the enemy receiving the flattering soubriquet of the "One



FORT SNELLING, MINNESOTA, AT THE CONFLUENCE OF THE RIVERS MISSISSIPPI AND MINNESOTA. SEV





Singler Mountain.

Thoroughfare Mountain.

Blue Ridge Mountains.

Rappahannock River.

THE RECENT ARTILLERY, AUGUST 23, BEING THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE BATTLES BETWEEN GENS. POPE AND LEE AND JACKSON, ENDING AT BULL RUN, AUGUST 30.  
 BY SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. EDWIN FORBES



SEVEN MILES NORTH OF ST. PAUL'S, NEAR THE SCENE OF THE PRESENT INDIAN MASSACRES.

armed Devil." Throughout the bloody and disastrous campaign of the Peninsula his division was always in the hottest of the fight. When sent to reinforce Pope's command the same fortune attended him. Where the heaviest fighting was going on there were Kearny and his gallant brigade. He was killed on the 1st of September, while reconnoitring the position of the enemy, near Centreville. His funeral was celebrated on Saturday, the 6th of September, at Trinity Church, New York, where his body rests not far from that of the illustrious Montgomery. His well-earned commission as Major-General was only a few weeks old.

#### GEN. ISAAC INGALLS STEVENS.

The subject of our present biography was born in Andover, Mass., 1817, and was the son of a fine old farmer of the Purit.



GENERAL ISAAC INGALLS STEVENS, KILLED AT CHANTILLY, NEAR FAIRFAX, VA., SEPT. 1.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.

tan stock. After receiving the best education New England could give, he entered West Point, 1835, and graduated the first of his class. July 1st, 1839, he received his commission as 2d Lieut. of Engineers, and rose rapidly. He was placed upon Gen. Scott's staff in the Mexican war, and was brevetted Captain for his gallantry at Contreras and Churubusco. At Chapultepec he so distinguished himself that he was brevetted Major. He was severely wounded in the attack on San Cosmo gate, Mexico. On his return to the United States he was appointed to a bureau of the Coast Survey, a post which he filled with great success. He soon after published a history of the Mexican War, which is very creditable to his style and habit of thought. His next labor was to take charge of the exploring expedition to survey the railroad route to the Pacific, and the better to effect this, President Pierce appointed him Governor of the Wash.



ington Territory, and *ex-officio* Commissioner of Indian Affairs in that region.

His services in this department were most valuable; his treaties with the Indians being distinguished for their liberality and caution. He was obliged, however, to carry on a short campaign against these treacherous savages before he accomplished his task. This war not meeting the approval of President Pierce and his War Minister, Jeff Davis, he was removed from his Gubernatorial position, but the people of the State evinced their gratitude by making him their Delegate to Congress. Our space will not allow us to recapitulate his political acts; we shall confine ourselves to recording that he was chosen as chairman of the National Breckinridge Committee, but his whole career has shown how little he knew or sympathized with the traitorous schemes of that unhappy man. At the commencement of the rebellion he immediately placed his sword at the disposal of the National Government, who offered him the position of Colonel, which he immediately accepted, his sole desire being the good of his country, and not like some who would sacrifice the Republic to their own peacock vanity. His brilliant reconnaissance at Lewisville, where he led his men safely from a very hazardous position in face of a superior force, and his engineering works near the Chain Bridge, led the President to appoint him a Brigadier-General. His last labors for the land he loved so well were in South Carolina, where, commanding the 79th regiment (Highlanders), he was present at the disastrous battle of Secessionville, near Charleston. He was then transferred with his brigade to Gen. Pope's command, and wound up his glorious career whilst leading his men on, the colors in his hand, on the 1st of Sept. near Centreville. A Minie ball passed through his brain, and a senseless clod of earth was all that remained of the true gentleman and heroic soldier.

## RICHMOND.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

Oh, Richmond! the summer that shines on thy towers  
Will tremble and shudder, and turn from her flowers:  
Will creep over fields where our strong armies paused,  
And die at the sight of the blood thou hast caused.

Thou city of slaves!  
For thee and thy sins, earth is teeming with graves.

For thee and thy dark sins, oh, Richmond, beware!  
Lest the dread wings of Pestilence float through thy air,  
Lest the hot breath of flame all thy green vineyards blight,  
Lest the arm of Jehovah be lifted to smite;

For never before  
Such fair vines of promise such bitter fruit bore!

Death! Death on the plains, in the vales, by the wave;  
Death ghastly and stiff, without coffin or grave;  
Death clutching the bayonet, grasping the gun;  
And the heat of God's anger ablaze in the sun!

Oh, Richmond, beware!  
They die who the wrath of Omnipotence dare!

See! the last dove of mercy above thee still flies,  
Ere the fire rain dashes adown the veiled skies;  
'Tis the lull, the long pause, ere the vial is poured,  
And the plagues are let loose that run after the sword.

Midway the bolt stays;  
Love waits for repentance, and Justice delays!

Sink down in the dust, own thy sins of the past,  
Let the bondmen go free, in thy borders, at last;  
While the hill-sides resound with thy suppliant cry,  
Peradventure the Lord God will hear and reply.

If His grace thou deride,  
The white dove will vanish—then woe to thy pride!

For a voice from the "temple of Heaven" will call  
"It is done! it is done!" and the judgment will fall;  
And "voices and thunders" around thee will blend,  
The lightning will smite thee, the earthquake will rend:

In the hurricane's path  
Thou must drink of the "wine of the fierceness of wrath."

And out of the cloud there will fall a great hail,  
Thy men will blaspheme and thy women bewail;  
For the plague thereof great and exceeding will be,  
But thy boudmen, oh, Richmond, will rise and go free!

And voices will cry,  
The "beast, scarlet-colored," behold, it must die!

Black Rock, N. Y.

## VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

THE quick steps passed on; but whether they turned into the yard or took the side path which would conduct round to the front entrance, or bore right across, and so went out into the public road, Dolly did not notice. Very shortly after this—time passes swiftly when people are courting, of which fact the Italians have a proverb—Dan Duff came bursting back again, calling, and crying, and telling the tidings of Rachel Frost. This was the substance of what Mrs. Tynn told Mr. Verner.

"Dolly said nothing of this before!" he exclaimed.

"Not she, sir. She didn't dare confess that she'd been off all that while from her dairy. She let drop a word, and I have got it out of her piecemeal. I have threatened her, sir, that if ever she mentions it again, I'll get her turned off."

"Why did you threaten her?" he hastily asked.

Mrs. Tynn dropped her voice. "I thought it might not be pleasant to have it talked of, sir. She thinks I'm only afraid of the neglect of work getting to the ears of Mrs. Verner."

This was the trifling addition. Not very much in itself, but it served to bear out the doubts Mr. Verner already entertained. Was it John or was it Frederick who had come in? Or was it—Lionel? There appeared to be no more certainty that it was one than another. Mr. Verner had minutely inquired into the proceedings of John and Frederick Massingbird that night, and he had come to the conclusion that both could have been in the lane at that particular hour. Frederick, previously to entering the house for his dinner, after he had left the veterinary surgeon's, Poynton; John, before he had paid his visit to the Royal Oak, John appeared to have called in at several places, and his account was not particularly clear. Lionel, Mr. Verner had not thought it necessary to question. He sent for him as soon as his dinner tray was cleared away; it was as well to be indisputably sure of him before fastening the charge on either of the others.

"Sit down, Lionel," said Mr. Verner. "I want to talk to you. Had you finished your dinner?"

"Quit," thank you. You look very ill, to-night," Lionel added, as he drew a chair to the fire; and his tone insensibly became gentle, as he gazed on his uncle's pale face.

"How can I look otherwise? This trouble is worrying me to death, Lionel. I have discovered, beyond doubt, that it was one of you young men who was in the lane that night."

Lionel, who was then leaning over the fire, turned his head with a quick, surprised gesture, towards Mr. Verner. The latter proceeded to tell Lionel the substance of the communication made to him by Mrs. Tynn. Lionel sat, bending forward, his elbow on his knee, and his fingers unconsciously running amidst the curls of his dark chestnut hair, as he listened to it. He did not interrupt the narrative, or speak at its conclusion.

"You see, Lionel, it appears certain to have been one belonging to this house."

"Yes, sir, unless Dolly was mistaken."

"Mistaken as to what?" sharply asked Mr. Verner, who, when he made up his mind that a thing was so-and-so, could not bear to be opposed. "Mistaken that some one came in at the gate?"

"I do not see how she could be mistaken in that," replied Lionel.

"I meant mistaken as to its being any one belonging to the house." "Is it likely that any one would come in at that gate at night, unless they belonged to the house, or were coming to the house?" retorted Mr. Verner. "Would a stranger drop from the clouds to come in at it? or was it Di Roy's 'ghost,' think you?" he sarcastically added.

Lionel did not answer. He vacantly ran his fingers through his hair, apparently in deep thought.

"I have abstained from asking you the explicit details of your movements on that evening," continued Mr. Verner, "but I must demand them of you now."

Lionel started up, his cheek on fire.

"Sir," he uttered, with emotion, "you cannot suspect me of having had act or part in it! I declare, before Heaven, that Rachel was as sacred for me—"

"Softly, Lionel," interrupted Mr. Verner, "there's no cause for you to break your head against a wheel. It is not you that I suspect, thank God! But I wish to be sure of your movements—to be able to speak of them as sure, you understand—before I accuse another."

"I will willingly tell you every movement of my evening, so far as I remember," said Lionel, resuming his calmness. "I came home when dinner was half over. I had been detained—but you know all that," he broke off. "When you left the dining-room I went on to the terrace, and sat there smoking a cigar. I should think I stayed there an hour or more; and then I went up-stairs, changed my coat, and proceeded to Mr. Bitterworth's."

"What took you to Mr. Bitterworth's that evening, Lionel?"

Lionel hesitated. He did not wish to say, "Because I knew Sibylla West was to be there;" but that would have been the true answer.

"I had nothing particular to do with my evening, so I went up," he said aloud. "Mr. Bitterworth was out; Mrs. Bitterworth thought he had gone into Deerham."

"Yes. He was at Deerham when the alarm was given, and hastened on here. Sibylla West was there, was she not?"

"She was there," said Lionel. "She had promised to be home early; and, as no one came for her, I saw her home. It was after I left her that I heard what had occurred."

"About what time did you get there—I mean to Bitterworth's?" questioned Mr. Verner, who appeared to have his thoughts filled with other things at that moment than with Sibylla West.

"I cannot be sure," replied Lionel. "I think it must have been nine o'clock. I went into Deerham to the post-office first, and then came back to Bitterworth's."

Mr. Verner mused.

"Lionel," he observed, "it is a curious thing, but there's not one of you but might have been the party to the quarrel that night; so far as that your time cannot possibly be accounted for by minutes and by hours. I mean, were the accusation brought publicly against you, you would, none of you, be able to prove a distinct *alibi*, as it seems to me. For instance, who is to prove that you did not, when you were sitting on the terrace, steal across to a rendezvous at the Willow-pond, or cut across to it when you were at the post-office at Deerham?"

"I certainly did not," said Lionel, quietly, taking the remarks only as they were meant—for an illustration. "It might, sir, as you observe, be difficult to prove a decided *alibi*. But—he rose and bent to Mr. Verner with a bright smile, a clear, truthful eye—"I do not think you need one to believe me."

"No, Lionel, I do not. Is John Massingbird in the dining-room?"

"He was when I left it."

"Then go and send him to me."

John Massingbird was found and despatched to Mr. Verner, without any reluctance on his own part. He had been bestowing hard words upon Lionel for "taking up the time of the old man" just on the evening when he wanted to take it up himself. The truth was, John Massingbird was intending to depart the following morning, the Fates and Mr. Verner permitting him.

Their interview was a long one. Two hours, full, had they been closeted together when Robin Frost made his appearance again at Verner's Pride, and craved once more an interview with Mr. Verner. "If it was only for a minute—only for a minute!" he implored.

Under the circumstances, the overwhelming sorrow which had fallen on the man, Lionel did not like again to deny him without first asking Mr. Verner. He went himself to the study.

"Come in," called out Mr. Verner, in answer to the knock.

He was sitting in his chair as usual; John Massingbird was standing up, his elbow on the mantelpiece. That their conversation must have been of an exciting nature was evident, and Lionel could not help noticing the signs. John Massingbird had a scarlet streak on his hollow cheek, never seen there above once or twice in his life, and then caused by deep emotion. Mr. Verner, on his part, looked livid as clay. Robin Frost might come in.

Lionel called him, and he came in with Frederick Massingbird. The man could hardly speak for agitation. He believed the verdict could not be set aside, he said; others had told him so besides Mr. Lionel. He had come to ask if Mr. Verner would offer a reward.

"A reward!" repeated Mr. Verner, mechanically, with the air of a man whose mind is far away.

"If you'd please to offer it, sir, I'd work the flesh off my bones to pay it back again," he urged. "I'll live upon a crust myself, and I'll keep my home upon a crust, but what I'll get it up. If there's a reward pasted up, sir, we might come upon the villain."

Mr. Verner appeared then to awake to the question before him, and to awake to it in terrible excitement.

"He'll never be found, Robin—the villain will never be found, so long as you and I and the world shall last."

They looked at him in consternation; Lionel, Frederick Massingbird and Robin Frost. Mr. Verner recollected himself and calmed his spirit down.

"I mean Robin," he more quietly said, "that a reward will be useless. The villain has been too cunning, rely upon it, to—leave his traces behind him."

"It might be tried, sir," respectfully urged Robin. "I'd work—"

"You can come up to-morrow, Robin, and I'll talk with you," interrupted Mr. Verner. "I am too ill—too upset to-night. Come at any hour you please, after twelve, and I'll see you."

"I'll come, sir. I've registered a vow afore my old father," went on Robin, lifting his right arm, "and I register it again afore you, sir—before our future master, Mr. Lionel—that I'll never leave a stone unturned by night nor by day—that I'll make it my first and foremost business in life to find that man. And when I've found him—let him be who he will—either him or me shall die. So help me—"

"Be still, Robin," passionately interposed Mr. Verner, in a voice that startled the man. "Vows are bad things; I have found them so."

"It was registered afore, sir," significantly answered Robin, as he turned away. "I'll be up here to-morrow."

The morrow brought forth two departures from Verner's Pride. John Massingbird started for London in pursuit of his journey, Mr. Verner having behaved to him liberally. And Lionel Verner was summoned in hot haste to Paris, where his brother had just met with an accident, and was supposed to be lying between life and death.

## CHAPTER VII.—LADY VERNER.

THE former chapters may be looked upon something in the light of an introduction to what is to follow. It was necessary to relate the events recorded in them, but we must take a leap of not far short of two years from the date of their occurrence.

Jon Massingbird and his attendant, Luke Roy, had arrived safely at Melbourne in due course. Luke had written home one letter to his mother, and there his correspondence ended; but John Massingbird wrote frequently, both to Mrs. Verner and to his brother Frederick. John, according to his own account, appeared to be getting on all one way: the money he took out had served him well: he had made good use of it, and was accumulating a fortune rapidly. Such was his statement; but whether implicit reliance might be placed upon it was a question. Gay John was apt to deceive himself; was given to look on the bright side, and imbue things with a tinge of *coulour de rose*; when, for less sanguine eyes, the tinge would have shone out decidedly yellow. His last account told of a "glorious nugget" he had picked up at the diggings. "Almost as big as his head," a "fortune in itself," ran some of the phrases in his letters; and his intention was to go down himself to Melbourne and "realise the thousands" for it. His letter to Frederick was especially full of this; and he strongly recommended his brother to go out and pick up nuggets on his own score. Frederick Massingbird appeared very much inclined to take the hint.

"Were I only sure it was all gospel, I'd go to-morrow," observed Frederick Massingbird to Lionel Verner, one day that the discussion of the contents of John's letter had been renewed, a month or two subsequent to its arrival. "A year's luck, such as this, and a man might come home a millionaire. I wish I knew whether to put entire faith in it."

"Why should John deceive you?" asked Lionel.

"He'd not deceive me wilfully. He has no cause to deceive me. The question is, is he deceived himself? Remember what grand schemes he would now and then become wild upon here, saying and thinking he had found the philosopher's stone. And how would they turn out? This may be one of the same calibre. I wonder we did not hear again by the last month's mail."

"There's a mail due now."

"I know there is," said Frederick. "Should it bring news to confirm this, I shall go out to him."

"The worst is, those diggings appear to be all a lottery," remarked Lionel. "Where one gets his pockets lined, another starves; nay, ten—fifty—more, for all we know, starve for the one lucky one. I should not myself feel inclined to risk the journey to them."

"You! It's not likely you would," was the reply of Frederick Massingbird. "Everybody was not born heir to Verner's Pride."

Lionel laughed pleasantly. They were pacing the terrace in the sunshine of a winter's afternoon: a crisp, cold, bright day in January. At that moment Tynn came out of the house and approached them.

"My master is up, sir, and would like the paper read to him," said he, addressing Frederick Massingbird.

"Oh, bother, I can't stop now," broke from that gentleman, involuntarily. "Tynn, you need not say that you found me here. I have an appointment, and I must hasten to keep it."

Lionel Verner looked at his watch.

"I can spare half an hour," he observed to himself; and he proceeded to Mr. Verner's room.

The old study that you have seen before. And there sat Mr. Verner in the same armchair, cushioned and padded more than it had used to be. What a change there was in him! Shrunken, wasted, drawn; surely there would be no place very long in this world for Mr. Verner.

He was leaning forward in his chair, his back bowed, his hands resting on his stick, which was stretched out before him. He lifted his head when Lionel entered, and an expression, partly of displeasure, partly of pain, passed over his countenance.

"Where's Frederick?" he sharply asked.

"Frederick has an appointment out, sir. I will read to you."

"I thought you were going down to your mother's," rejoined Mr. Verner, his accent not softening in the least.

"I need not go for this half hour yet," replied Lionel, taking up the *Times*, which lay on a table near Mr. Verner. "Have you looked at the headings of the news, sir, or shall I go over them for you, and then you can tell me what you wish read?"

"I don't want anything read by you," said Mr. Verner. "Put the paper down."

Lionel did not immediately obey. A shade of mortification had crossed his face.

"Do you hear me, Lionel? Put the paper down. You know how it fidgets me to hear those papers ruffled when I am not in a mood for reading."

Lionel rose, and stood before Mr. Verner. "Uncle, I wish you would let me do something for you. Better send me out of the house altogether than treat me with this estrangement. Will it be of any use my asking you, for the hundredth time, what I did to displease you?"

"I tell you I don't want the paper read," said Mr. Verner. "And if you'd leave me alone I should be glad. Perhaps I shall get a wink of sleep. All night, all night, and my eyes were never closed! It's time I was gone."

The concluding sentences were spoken as in soliloquy; not to Lionel. Lionel, who knew his uncle's every mood, quitted the room. As he closed the door, a heavy groan, born of displeasure mingled with pain, like the greeting loud had been, was sent after him by Mr. Verner. Very emphatically did it express his state of feeling with regard to Lionel, and Lionel felt it keenly.

Lionel Verner had remained in Paris six months, when summoned thither by the accident to his brother. The accident need not have detained him half that period of time; but the seductions of the gay French capital had charms for Lionel. From the very hour that he set foot in Verner's Pride on his return he found that Mr. Verner's behavior had altered to him. He showed bitter, angry estrangement, and Lionel could only conceive one cause for it—his long sojourn abroad. Fifteen or sixteen months had now elapsed since his return, and the estrangement had not lessened. In vain Lionel sought an explanation. Mr. Verner would not enter upon it. In fact, so far as direct words went, Mr. Verner had never expressed much of his displeasure: he left it to his manner. That said enough. He had never dropped the slightest allusion to its cause. When Lionel asked an explanation he neither accorded nor denied it, but would put him off evasively, as he might have put off a child who asked a troublesome question: like you have now seen him do once again.

After the rebuff, Lionel was crossing the hall, when he suddenly halted, as if a thought struck him, and he turned back to the study. If ever a man's attitude bespoke utter grief and prostration, Mr. Verner's did, as Lionel opened the door. His head and hands had



fallen, and his stick had dropped upon the carpet. He started out of his reverie at the appearance of Lionel, and made an effort to recover his stick. Lionel hastened to pick it up for him.

"I have been thinking, sir, that it might be well for Decima to go in the carriage to the station, to receive Miss Tempest. Shall I order it?"

"Order anything you like; order all Verner's Pride—what does it matter? Better for some of us, perhaps, that it had never existed."

Hastily, abruptly, carelessly was the answer given: there was no mistaking that Mr. Verner was nearly beside himself with mental pain.

Lionel went round to the stables to give the order he had suggested. One great feature in the character of Lionel Verner was its complete absence of assumption. Courteously refined in mind and feelings, he could not have presumed; others, in his position, might have deemed they were but exercising a right. Though the presumptive heir to Verner's Pride, living in it, brought up as such, he would not, you see, even send out its master's unused carriage without that master's sanction. In little things as in great, Lionel Verner could but be a thorough gentleman: to be otherwise he must have changed his nature.

"Wigham, will you take the close carriage to Deerham Court? It is wanted for Miss Verner."

"Very well, sir." But Wigham—who had been coachman in the family nearly as many years as Lionel had been in the world—wondered much, for all his prompt reply. He scarcely ever remembered a Verner's Pride carriage to have been ordered for Miss Verner.

Lionel passed into the high road from Verner's Pride, and, turning to the left, commenced his walk to Deerham. There were no roadside houses for a little way, but they soon began, by ones, by twos, and at last they grew into a consecutive street. These houses were mostly very poor; small shops, beer-houses, laborers' cottages; but a turning to the right in the midst of the village led to a part where the houses were of a superior character, several gentlemen living there. It was a new road, called Belvedere Road; the first house in it being inhabited by Dr. West.

Lionel cast a glance across at that house as he passed down the long street. At least as much as he could see of it, looking obliquely. His glance was not rewarded. Very frequently pretty Sibylla would be at the windows, or her vain sister Amilly. Though, if vanity is to be brought in, I don't know where it would be found in an equal degree as it was in Sibylla West. The windows appeared to be untenanted; and Lionel withdrew his eyes and passed straightly on his way. On his left hand was situated the shop of Mrs. Duff: its prints, its silk neckerchiefs, and its ribbons displayed in three parts of its bow-window. The fourth part was devoted to more ignominious articles, huddled indiscriminately into a corner. Children's Dutch dolls and black lead; penny tale-books and square pint packets of cocoa; bottles of ink and India rubber balls; side combs and papers of stationery; scented soap and Circassian cream (home made); tape, needles, pins, starch, bandoline, lavender water, baking powder, iron skewers, and a host of other articles too numerous to notice. Nothing came amiss to Mrs. Duff; she patronised everything she thought she could turn a penny by.

"Your servant, sir," said she, dropping a curtsy as Lionel came up, for Mrs. Duff was standing at the door.

He merely nodded to her, and went on. Whether it was the sight of the woman or of some lavender prints hanging in her window, certain it was that the image of poor Rachel Frost came vividly into the mind of Lionel. Nothing had been heard, nothing found, to clear up the mystery of that past night.

At the extremity of the village, lying a little back from it, was a moderate sized, red brick house, standing in the midst of lands, and called Deerham Court. It had once been an extensive farm; but the present tenant, Lionel's mother, rented the house only, very little of the land. The land was let to a neighboring farmer. Nearly a mile beyond—you could see its towers and chimneys from this—rose the stately old mansion called Deerham Hall. Deerham Hall, Deerham Court, and a great deal of the land and property on that side of the village, belonged to Sir Rufus Hantley, a proud, unsociable man. He lived at the Hall: and his only son, between whom and himself it was conjectured there existed some estrangement, had purchased into an Indian regiment, where he was now serving.

Lionel Verner passed the village, branched off to the right, and entered the great iron gates which enclosed the courtyard of Deerham Court. A very unpretending entrance admitted him into a spacious hall, the hall being the largest and best part of the house. Those great iron gates and the hall would have done honor to a large mansion; and they gave an appearance of pretension to Deerham Court which it did not deserve.

Lionel opened a door on the left and entered a small ante-room. This led him into the only really good room the house contained. It was elegantly furnished and fitted up, and its two large windows looked towards the open country and to Deerham Hall.

Seated by the fire, in a rich violet dress, a costly white lace cap shading her delicate face, that must once have been so beautiful—indeed, that was beautiful still—was a lady of middle age. Her seat was low; one of those chairs that we are pleased to call, commonly and irreverently, a prie-dieu. Its back was carved in arabesque foliage, and its stuffing was of rich violet velvet. On a small, inlaid table, whose carvings were as beautiful, and its top inlaid with mosaic-work, lay a dainty handkerchief of lace, a bottle of smelling-salts, and a book turned with its face downwards, all close at the lady's elbow.

She was sitting in idleness just then; she always did sit in idleness; her face bent on the fire, her small hands, cased in white gloves, lying motionless on her lap—ay, a beautiful face once, though it had grown habitually peevish and discontented now. She turned her head when the door opened, and a flush of bloom rose to her cheeks when she saw Lionel.

He went up and kissed her. He loved her much. She loved him, too, better than she loved anything in life; and she drew a chair close to her, and he sat down, bending towards her. There was not much likeness between them, the mother and the son; both were very good-looking, but not alike.

"You see, mother mine, I am not late, as you prophesied I should be," said he, with one of his sweetest smiles.

"You would have been, Lionel, but for my reminding you not. I'm sure I wish—I wish she was not coming! She must remember the old days in India, and will contrast the difference."

"She will scarcely remember India, when you were there. She is only a child yet, is she?"

"You know nothing about it, Lionel," was the querulous answer. "Whether she remembers or not, will she expect to see me in such a house, such a position as this. It is at these seasons, when people are coming here, who know what I have been and ought to be, that I feel all the humiliation of my poverty. Lucy Tempest is 19."

Lionel Verner knew that it was of no use to argue with his mother, when she began upon that most unsatisfactory topic, her position; which included what she called her "poverty" and her "wrongs." Though, in truth, not a day passed but she broke out upon it.

"Lionel," she suddenly said.

He had been glancing over the pages of the book—a new work on India. He laid it down as he had found it, and turned to her.

"What shall you allow me, when you come into Verner's Pride?"

"Whatever you shall wish, mother. You shall name the sum, not I. And if you name too modest a one," he added, laughing, "I

shall double it. But Verner's Pride must be your home, then, as well as mine."

"Never!" was the emphatic answer. "What! to be turned out of it again by the advent of a young wife? No, never, Lionel."

Lionel laughed; constrainedly, this time.

"I may not be bringing home a young wife for this many and many a year to come."

"If you never brought one, I would not make my home at Verner's Pride," she resumed, in the same impulsive voice. "Live in the house by favor, that ought to have been mine by right? You would not be my true son to ask me, Lionel. Catherine, is that you?" she called out, as the movements of some one were heard in the ante-room.

A woman servant put in her head.

"My lady?"

"Tell Miss Verner that Mr. Lionel is here."

"Miss Verner knows it, my lady," was the woman's reply. "She bade me ask you, sir," addressing Lionel, "if you'd please to step out to her."

"Is she getting ready, Catherine?" asked Lady Verner.

"I think not, my lady."

"Go to her, Lionel, and ask her if she knows the time. A pretty thing if you arrive at the station after the train is in!"

Lionel quitted the room. Outside in the hall stood Catherine, waiting for him.

"Miss Verner has met with a little accident and hurt her foot, sir," she whispered. "She can't walk."

"Not walk!" exclaimed Lionel. "Where is she?"

"She is in the store-room, sir; where it happened."

Lionel went to the store-room, a small boarded room at the back of the hall. A young lady sat there; a very pretty white foot in a wash-hand basin of warm water, and a shoe and stocking lying near, as if hastily thrown off.

"Why, Decima, what is this?"

She lifted her face. A face whose features were of the highest order of beauty, regular as if chiselled from marble, and little less colorless. But for the large, earnest, dark-blue eyes, so full of expression, it might have been accused of coldness. In sleep, or in perfect repose, when the eyelids were bent, it looked strangely cold and pure. Her dark hair was braided; and she wore a dress something the same in color as Lady Verner's.

"Lionel, what shall I do? And to-day of all days! I shall be obliged to tell mamma; I cannot walk a step."

"What is the injury? How did you do it?"

"I got on a chair. I was looking for some old Indian ornaments, ha I know are in that high cupboard, wishing to put them in Miss Tempest's room, and somehow the chair tilted with me, and I fell upon my foot. It is only a sprain; but I can't walk."

"How do you know it is only a sprain, Decima? I shall send West to you."

"Thank you all the same, Lionel, but if you please I don't like Dr. West well enough to have him," was Miss Verner's answer. "See! I don't think I can walk."

She took her foot out of the basin and attempted to try. But for Lionel she would have fallen; and her naturally pale face became paler from the pain.

"And you say you will not have Dr. West," he cried, gently putting her into the chair again. "You must allow me to judge for you, Decima."

"Then, Lionel, I'll have Jan—if I must have any one. I have more faith in him," she added, lifting her large blue eyes, "than in Dr. West."

"Let it be Jan, then, Decima. Send one of the servants for him him at once. What is to be done about Miss Tempest?"

"You must go alone. Unless you can persuade mamma out. Lionel, you will tell mamma about this. She must be told."

As Lionel crossed the hall on his return, the door was being opened; the Verner's Pride carriage had just driven up. Lady Verner had seen it from the window of the ante-room, and her eyes spoke her displeasure.

"Lionel, what brings that here?"

"I told them to bring it for Decima. I thought you would prefer that Miss Tempest should be met with that, than with a hired one."

"Miss Tempest will know soon enough that I am too poor to keep a carriage," said Lady Verner. "Decima may use it if she pleases. I would not."

"My dear mother, Decima will not be able to use it. She cannot go to the station. She has hurt her foot."

"How did she do that?"

"She was on a chair in the store-room, looking in the cupboard. She—"

"Of course! that's just like Decima!" crossly responded Lady Verner. "She is at something or other everlastingly; doing half the work of a servant about the house."

Lionel made no reply. He knew that but for Decima the house would be less comfortable than it was, for Lady Verner; and that what Decima did she did in love.

"Will you go to the station?" he inquired.

"I! In this cold wind! How can you ask me, Lionel! I should get my face chapped irretrievably. If Decima cannot go you must go alone."

"But how shall I know Miss Tempest?"

"You must find her out," said Lady Verner. "Her mother was as tall as a giantess; perhaps she is the same. Is Decima much hurt?"

"She thinks it is only a sprain. We have sent for Jan."

"For Jan! Much good he will do!" returned Lady Verner; in so contemptuous a tone as to prove she had no very exalted opinion of Mr. "Jan's" abilities.

Lionel went out to the carriage and stepped in. The footman did not shut the door. "And Miss Verner, sir?"

"Miss Verner is not coming. The railway station. Tell Wigham to drive fast or I will be late."

"My lady wouldn't let Miss Decima come out in it," thought Wigham to himself, as he drove on.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—LUCY TEMPEST.

THE words of my lady, "as tall as a giantess," unconsciously influenced the imagination of Lionel Verner. The train was steaming into the station at one end as his carriage stopped at the other. Lionel leaped from it and mixed amidst the bustle of the platform.

Not very much bustle either. And it would have been less, but that Deerham Station was the nearest approach, as yet, by rail to Heartburg, a town of some note about four miles distant. Not a single tall lady got out of the train. Not a lady at all, that Lionel could see. There were two fat women, tearing about after their luggage; both habited in men's drab great coats, or what looked like them; and there was one very young lady, who stood back in apparent perplexity, gazing at the scene of confusion around her.

"She cannot be Miss Tempest," deliberated Lionel. "If she is, my mother must have mistaken her age; she looks but a child. No harm in asking her, at any rate."

He went up to the young lady. A very pleasant-looking girl, fair, with a peach bloom upon her cheeks, dark brown hair, and eyes soft and brown and luminous. Those eyes were wandering to all parts of the platform, some anxiety in their expression.

Lionel raised his hat.

"I beg your pardon. Have I honor of addressing Miss Tempest?"

"Oh, yes, that is my name," she answered, looking up at him, the peach bloom deepening to a glow of satisfaction, and the soft eyes lighting with a glad smile. "Have you come to meet me?"

"I have. I come from my mother, Lady Verner."

"I am so glad," she rejoined, with a frank sincerity of manner perfectly refreshing in these modern days of artificial youngladyism. "I was beginning to think nobody had come; and then what could I have done?"

"My sister would have come with me to receive you but for an accident which occurred to her just before it was time to start. Have you any luggage?"

"There's the great box I brought from India, and a hair-trunk, and my school-box. It is all in the van."

"Allow me to take you out of this crowd and it shall be seen to," said Lionel, bending to offer his arm.

She took it, and turned with him. But stopped ere more than a step or two had been taken.

"We are going wrong. The luggage is up that way."

"I am taking you to the carriage. The luggage will be all right." He was placing her in it when she suddenly drew back and surveyed it.

"What a pretty carriage!" she exclaimed.

Many said the same of the Verner Pride equipages. The color of the panels was of that rich shade of blue called ultramarine, with white linings and hammercloths, while a good deal of silver shone on the harness of the horses. The servants' livery was white and silver, their smallclothes blue.

Lionel handed her in.

"Have we far to go?" she asked.

"Not five minutes' drive."

He closed the door, gave the footman directions about the luggage, took his own seat by the coachman, and the carriage started. Lady Verner came to the door of the Court to receive Miss Tempest.

In the old Indian days of Lady Verner she and Sir Lionel had been close and intimate friends of Col. and Mrs. Tempest. Subsequently Mrs. Tempest had died, and their only daughter had been sent to a clergyman's family in England for her education, a very superior place, where six pupils only were taken. But she was of age to leave it now, and Col. Tempest, who contemplated soon being home, had craved of Lady Verner to receive her in the interim.

"Lionel," said his mother to him, "you must stop here for the rest of the day, and help to entertain her."

"Why, what can I do towards it?" responded Lionel.

"You can do something. You can talk. They have got Decima into her room, and I must be up and down with her. I don't like leaving Lucy alone the first day she is in the house; she will take a prejudice against it. One blessed thing, she seems quiet and simple, not exacting."

"Anything but exacting, I should say," replied Lionel. "I will stay for an hour or two, if you like, mother, but I must be home to dinner."

Lady Verner need not have troubled herself about "entertaining" Lucy Tempest. She was accustomed to entertain herself; and as to any ceremony or homage being paid to her, she would not have understood it, and might have felt embarrassed. She had not been used to anything of the sort. Could Lady Verner have seen her then, at the very moment she was talking to Lionel, her fears might have been relieved. Lucy Tempest had found her way to Decima's room, and had taken up her position in a very undignified fashion at that young lady's feet, her soft, candid brown eyes fixed upwards on Decima's face, and her tongue busy with its reminiscences of India. After some time spent in this manner, she was scared away by the entrance of a gentleman whom Decima called "Jan." Upon which she proceeded to the chamber she had been shown to as hers to dress, a process which did not appear to be very elaborate by the time it took, and then she went down stairs to find Lady Verner.

Lady Verner had not quitted Lionel. She had been grumbling and complaining all that time; it was half the pastime of Lady Verner's life to grumble in the ears of Lionel and Decima. Bitterly mortified had Lady Verner been when she found, upon her arrival from India, that Stephen Verner, her late husband's younger brother, had succeeded to Verner's Pride, to the exclusion of herself and of Lionel, and bitterly mortified she remained. Whether it had been by some strange oversight on the part of old Mr. Verner, or whether it had been intentional, no provision whatever had been left by him to Lady Verner and to her children. Stephen Verner would have remedied this. On the arrival of Lady Verner, he had proposed to pay over to her yearly a certain sum out of the estate; but Lady Verner, smarting under disappointment, under the sense of injustice, had flung his proposal back to him. Never, so long as he lived, would she be obliged to him for the worth of a sixpence in money or in kind, she told Stephen Verner passionately, and she had kept her word.

Her income was sadly limited, it was very little besides her pay as a colonel's widow, and to Lady Verner it seemed less than it really was, for her habits were somewhat expensive. She took this house, Deerham Court, which was then to be let without the land, had it embellished inside and out, which cost her more than she could afford, and had since resided in it. She would not have rented it under Mr. Verner, had he paid her to do it. She declined all intercourse with Verner's Pride, had never once put her foot over its threshold; Decima went once in a way, but she never. If she and Stephen Verner met abroad, she was coldly civil to him; she was indifferently haughty to Mrs. Verner, whom she despised in her heart for not being a lady. With all her deficiencies, Lady Verner was essentially a gentlewoman; not to be one amounted in her eyes to little less than a sin. No wonder that she, with her delicate beauty of person, her quiet refinements of dress, shrank within herself as she swept the poor Mrs. Verner, with her great person, her crimson face, and her flouting colors. No wonder that Lady Verner, smarting under her wrongs, passed half her time in giving utterance to them; or that her smooth face was acquiring premature wrinkles of discontent. Lionel had a somewhat difficult course to steer between Verner's Pride and Deerham Court, so as to keep friends with both.

Lucy Tempest appeared at the door. She stood there, hesitating, after the manner of a timid schoolgirl. They turned round and saw her.

"If you please, may I come in?"

Lady Verner could have sighed over the deficiency of "at le," or confidence, whichever you may like to term it. Lionel laughed as he crossed the room to throw the door wider by way of welcome.

She wore a light, shot pink dress of peculiar material, a sort of cashmere, very fine and soft. Looking at it the one way it was pink; the other, mauve—the general shade of it was beautiful. Lady Verner could have sighed again; if the wearer was deficient in style, certainly the dress was. A low body and short sleeves, perfectly simple, a narrow bit of white lace alone edging them, nothing on her neck, nothing on her arms, no gloves. A child of seven might have been so dressed. Lady Verner looked at her, her brow knit, and various thoughts running through her brain; she began to fear that Miss Tempest would require so much training as to give her trouble.

Lucy saw the look, and seemed that her attire was wrong.

"Ought I to have put on my best things—my new silk?" she asked.

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## VERNER'S PRIDE.

(Continued from page 411.)

My new silk! My best things! Lady Verner was almost at a loss for an answer.

"You have not an extensive wardrobe, possibly, my dear?"

"Not very," replied Lucy. "This was my best dress, until I had my new silk. Mrs. Cust told me to put this one on for dinner to-day, and she said if Lady—if you and Miss Verner dressed very much, I could change it for the silk to-morrow. It is a beautiful dress," Lucy added, looking ingenuously at Lady Verner, "a pearl gray. Then I have morning dresses, and my white for dancing. Mrs. Cust said that anything you found deficient in my wardrobe it would be better for you to supply than for her, because you would be the best judge of what I should require."

"Mrs. Cust does not pay much attention to dress, probably," observed Lady Verner, coldly. "She is a clergyman's wife. It is a sad taste when people neglect themselves, whatever may be the duties of their station."

"But Mrs. Cust does not neglect herself," spoke up Lucy, a surprised look upon her face. "She is always dressed nicely; not fine, you know. Mrs. Cust says that the lower classes have become so fine now-a-days, that nearly the only way you may know a lady, until she speaks, is by her quiet simplicity."

"My dear, Mrs. Cust should say elegant simplicity," corrected Lady Verner. "She ought to know. She is of good family."

Lucy humbly acquiesced. She feared she herself must be too "quiet" to satisfy Lady Verner.

"Will you be so kind, then, as to get me what you please?" she asked.

"My daughter will see to all these things, Lucy," replied Lady Verner. "She is not young, like you, and she is remarkably steady and experienced."

"She does not look old," said Lucy, in her open candor. "She is very pretty."

"She is turned five-and-twenty. Have you seen her?"

"I have been with her ever so long. We were talking about India. She remembers my dear mamma; and, do you know," her bright expression changing to sadness, "I can scarcely remember her! I should have stayed with Decima—May I call her Decima?" broke off Lucy, with a faltering tongue, as if she had done wrong.

"Certainly you may."

"I should have stayed with Decima until now, talking about mamma, but a gentleman came in."

"A gentleman?" echoed Lady Verner.

"Yes. Some one tall and very thin. Decima called him Jan. After that, I went to my room again. I could not find it at first," she added, with a pleasant little laugh. "I looked into two, but neither was mine, for I could not see the boxes. Then I changed my dress, and came down."

"I hope you had my maid to assist you," quickly remarked Lady Verner.

"Some one assisted me. When I had my dress on, ready to be fastened, I looked out to see if I could find any one to do it, and I did. A servant was at the end of the corridor, by the window."

"But, my dear Miss Tempest, you should have rung," exclaimed Lady Verner, half petrified at the young lady's unformed manners, and privately speculating upon the sins Mrs. Cust must have to answer for. "Was it Therese?"

"I don't know," replied Lucy. "She was rather old, and had a broom in her hand."

"Old Catherine, I declare! Sweeping and dusting as usual! She might have soiled your dress."

"She wiped her hands on her apron," said Lucy, simply. "She had a nice face; I liked it."

"I beg, my dear, that in future you will ring for Therese," emphatically returned Lady Verner, in her discomposure. "She understands that she is to wait upon you. Therese is my maid, and her time is not half occupied. Decima exacts very little of her. But take care that you do not allow her to lapse into English when with you. It is what she is apt to do, unless checked. You speak French, of course?" added Lady Verner, the thought crossing her that Mrs. Cust's educational training might have been as deficient on that point as she deemed it had been on that of "style."

"I speak it quite well," replied Lucy, "as well, or nearly as well, as a French girl. But I do not require anybody to wait on me," she continued. "There is never anything to do for me, but just to fasten these evening dresses that close behind. I am much obliged to you, all the same, for thinking of it, Lady Verner."

Lady Verner turned from the subject, it seemed to grow more and more unprofitable.

"I shall go and hear what Jan says, if he is there," she remarked to Lionel.

"I wonder we did not see or hear him come in," was Lionel's answer.

"As if Jan could come into the house like a gentleman!" returned Lady Verner, with intense acrimony. "The back way is a step or two nearer, and therefore he patronises it."

She quitted the room as she spoke, and Lionel turned to Miss Tempest. He had been exceedingly amused and edified at the conversation between her and his mother; but while Lady Verner had been inclined to groan over it, he had rejoiced. That Lucy Tempest was thoroughly and genuinely unsophisticated, that she was of a nature too sincere and honest for her manners to be otherwise than of truthful simplicity, he was certain. A delightful child, he thought; one he could have taken to his heart and loved as a sister. Not with any other love; that was already given elsewhere by Lionel Verner.

The winter evening was drawing on, and little light was in the room save that cast by the blaze of the fire. It flickered upon Lucy's face, as she stood near it. Lionel drew a chair towards her.

"Will you not sit down, Miss Tempest?"

A formidable-looking chair, large and stately, as Lucy turned to look at it. Her eyes fell upon the low one which, earlier in the afternoon, had been occupied by Lady Verner.

"May I sit in this one instead? I like it best."

"You may sit in any chair that the room contains, or on an ottoman, or anywhere that you like," answered Lionel, considerably amused. "Perhaps you would prefer this?"

"This" was a very low seat indeed—in point of fact, Lady Verner's footstool. He had spoken in jest, but she waited for no second permission, drew it close to the fire, and sat down upon it. Lionel looked at her, his lips and eyes dancing.

"Perhaps you would have preferred the rug?"

"Yes I should," answered she frankly. "It is what we did at the rectory. Between the lights, on a winter's evening, we were allowed to do what we pleased for twenty minutes, and we used to sit down on the rug before the fire and talk."

"Mrs. Cust, also?" asked Lionel.

"Not Mrs. Cust—you are laughing at me. If she came in and saw us, she would say we were too old to sit there, and should be better on chairs. But we liked the rug best."

"What had you used to talk of?"

"Of everything, I think. About the poor; Mr. Cust's poor, you know; and the village, and our studies, and—But I don't think I

must tell you that," broke off Lucy, laughing merrily at her own thoughts.

"Yes you may," said Lionel.

"It was about that poor old German teacher of ours. We used to play her such tricks, and it was round the fire that we planned them. But she is very good," added Lucy, becoming serious, and lifting her eyes to Lionel, as if to bespeak his sympathy for the German teacher.

"Is she?"

"She was always patient and kind. The first time Lady Verner lets me go to a shop, I mean to buy her a warm winter cloak. Hers is so thin. Do you think I could get her one for two pounds?"

"I don't know at all," smiled Lionel. "A great coat for me would cost more than two pounds."

"I have two sovereigns left of my pocket-money, besides some silver. I hope it will buy a cloak. It is Lady Verner who will have the management of my money, is it not, now that I have left Mrs. Cust's?"

"I believe so."

"I wonder how much she will allow me for myself?" continued Lucy, gazing up at Lionel with a serious expression of inquiry, as if the question were a momentous one.

"I think cloaks for old teachers ought to be apart," cried Lionel; "they should not come out of your pocket-money."

"Oh, but I like them to do so. I wish I had a home of my own!—like I shall have when papa returns to Europe. I should invite her to me for the holidays, and give her nice dinners always, and buy her some nice clothes, and send her back with her poor old heart happy."

"Invite whom?"

"Frau Muller. Her father was a gentleman of good position, and he somehow lost his inheritance. When he died she found it out—there was not a shilling for her, instead of a fortune, as she had always thought. She was over forty then, and she had to come to England and begin teaching for a living. She is fifty now, and nearly all she gets she sends to Heidelberg, to her poor sick sister. I wonder how much good, warm cloaks do cost?"

Lucy Tempest spoke the last sentence dreamily. She was evidently debating the question in her own mind. Her small white hands rested inertly upon her pink dress, her pale face with its delicate bloom was still, her eyes were bent on the fire. But that Lionel's heart was elsewhere, it might have gone out, there and then, to that young girl and her attractive simplicity.

"What a pretty child you are!" involuntarily broke from him.

Up came those eyes to him, soft and luminous, their only expression being surprise, not a shade of vanity.

"I am not a child; why do you call me one? But Mrs. Cust said you would be all taking me for a child, until you knew me."

"How old are you?" asked Lionel.

"I was eighteen last September."

"Eighteen!" involuntarily repeated Lionel.

"Yes, eighteen. We had a party on my birthday. Mr. Cust gave me a most beautifully bound copy of Thomas à Kempis; he had it bound on purpose. I will show it to you when my books are unpacked. You would like Mr. Cust, if you knew him. He is an old man now, and he has white hair. He is twenty years older than Mrs. Cust; but he is so good!"

"How is it," almost vehemently broke forth Lionel, "that you are so different from others?"

"I don't know. Am I different?"

"So different—so different—that—that—"

"What is the matter with me?" she asked, timidly, almost humbly, the delicate color in her cheeks deepening to crimson.

"There is nothing the matter with you," he answered, smiling; "a good thing if there were as little the matter with everybody else. Do you know that I never saw any one whom I liked so much at first sight as I like you, although you appear to me only as a child! If I call here often I shall grow to love you almost as much as I love my sister Decima."

"Is not this your home?"

"No. My home is at Verner's Pride."

(To be continued.)

## A STIRRING ADVENTURE.

A PERSONAL adventure of Gen. Birney at Centreville, on the 28th ult., has never, I believe, been described in print. Our forces were following the rebel Jackson from Manassas, which he had evacuated at his own time and in his own way. "Whither had he gone?" was the question. "Was he at Centreville?" was the second question. Cavalry should inquire. "I have no cavalry," or "I can't lay my hand on any cavalry," said Gen. Pope when Gen. Kearney suggested this to him. It was suggested that there was one company in Gen. Birney's brigade. "Let it feel the enemy if he be at Centreville," said Gen. Kearney. "Go with it, Gen. Birney, yourself," he added; "I don't like to risk a general officer, but his report is worth very much more than that of a subordinate."

Gen. Birney galloped away in the direction of Centreville at the head of his company. He soon came upon the broad track of the rebel army, stretching through the desolated fields on each side of the road, and enlivened with broken-down wagons, old boots and knapsacks. Occasionally stragglers were overtaken, disarmed and sent to the rear, four or five at a time, in charge of two horsemen, until 80 had been thus disposed of, and the capturing company reduced to 40 men. With this small command at his back, Gen. Birney proceeded to feel the enemy; felt his way into Centreville street, into the Centreville tavern, where he stopped to make inquiries.

He was lecturing the landlord on his rebel proclivities, when one of the videttes, whom he had posted on the hills to the right and left of the town, reported a cavalry regiment approaching, with the Stars and Stripes flying. He was sure that it was the Stars and Stripes. "What regiment?" "Can't tell; but it must be one of the new regiments, its ranks are so full." Gen. Birney sent another man to make sure it was one of our regiments. The report again came that the Stars and Stripes flew at its head. Gen. Birney stepped out to look for himself.

The front line was 40 rods distant. The Stars and Stripes were there, sure enough; but a large infantry flag, almost new. Every sabre was drawn, a thing not done by our cavalry when entering a town. The caps were different from ours; the uniform differed. It was the enemy, the flag a capture from one of our regiments. It was time to evacuate the town just retaken. Gen. Birney ordered the bugle to sound, and at the head of his command of 40 men moved rather rapidly toward Bull Run.

In response to his bugle the enemy sounded a charge, and a race began. A regiment had been posted at the Run three miles distant, and toward that Gen. Birney hastened, after paying his farewell respects from the muzzles of his carbines. The enemy returned the compliment, with little or no effect. "Forward" was the word, along a road not over good. Occasionally a horse stumbled; over his body and that of his rider the company galloped. The best horses of the regiment in pursuit were gaining, but the Run and the regiment on guard were in sight.

"Spurs to your horses, my men!" shouted the General. More stumbled and fell, but the rest kept on. Still the enemy gained upon them; and now one bold rebel just reaches Gen. Birney's shoulder with his sabre. The General draws his pistol, and he falls dead. Another moment and he is in the rear of the regiment at the Run, and orders them to fire at the rebel pursuers, who were unable to draw rein in season to escape.

OUR readers will doubtless recollect that during the battle of Fair Oaks a young Lieutenant who was lying utterly prostrated by sickness in the hospital, inspired by the occasion, rose, dressed himself, and unable to find his own regiment, was soon in the thickest of the fight as a volunteer. This brave young officer, Lieutenant Klug, is now promoted to a Captaincy, and is raising a company for the 3d Metropolitan regiment. As a proof of how the present National peril has aroused all classes, we may mention that Mr. John Lee, one of our most gifted young artists, whose sketches have repeatedly appeared in the Budget, is a Lieutenant in the same company.

## SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

A SPEAKER in a meeting not long since, enlarging upon the rascality of the Devil, got off the following pithy words: "I tell you that the Devil is an old liar; for when I was getting religion he tried to dissuade me from it, and told me if I did not get religion I could not go into gay company, and lie or steal, or any such thing, but I have found him out to be a great liar."

It is more difficult to make the eye lie than any other organ we are possessed of. To tell what a woman says, pay attention to her tongue. If you wish to ascertain what she means pay attention to her eye. To talk in opposition to the heart is one of the easiest things in the world—to look this opposition, however, is more difficult than algebra.

A MAINE fisherman says of trout: "Dreftful notional critters trout be, olluz bitin' at whodger haant got. Orful contrairy critters—jess like fimmils. Yer can catch a fimmil with a feather ef she's ter be cotched; ef she haant ter be cotched, yer may scoop ther hui world dry an' yer haant got her. Jess so trout."

A LONDON literary paper gives the following as the prayer taught to the children of the Scarborough wreckers in England in old times: "God bless daddy, God bless mammy, God send ship ashore before morning! Amen!"

A GOOD thing is told of Gov. Tod, of Ohio, whose labor in the work of suppressing the rebellion has been of the heartiest and most telling character:

The other day, an old lady, between 50 and 60 years of age, entered the Governor's office, and made an effort to induce that personage to exempt her husband from the draft. Mr. Tod looked at her an instant and exclaimed:

"Why, the old gentleman is exempt, isn't he?"

"Ah, but he ain't an old gentleman," added the applicant, "he's only 35!"

"In that case," said the Governor, "I can't do anything for him. But I'll tell you what I'll do; in case he's drafted and gets killed—I'll marry you myself."

This seemed to satisfy the old lady, and she accordingly departed.

A "HORSE DEALER" writes to us to inquire whether draft horses will be purchased by the Government for the purpose of mounting drafted men?

"THERE, now," cried a little girl, while rummaging a drawer in a bureau, which had belonged to her dead grandfather, "there, now, gran'pa has gone to heaven without his spectacles!"

"SKEDADDLE RANGERS" is the appropriate name given those persons who flock to Canada to escape the call of their country.

A FRIEND says that in meeting a sable son of Africa yesterday, he was accosted by him thus: "Massa (taking off his hat), I doesn't go to Canada now, I stays here, I does; de white gen'lem de ones goes to Canada now days. Ha! ha! ha!"

A VERMONT broom pedlar lately agreed with a Providence merchant to sell him a load of brooms, the payment to be made half in cash and half in goods from the Providence man's store at cost prices. The brooms were brought in and the cash for half of them paid over. "Now, what will you have for the remainder of your bill?" asked the merchant. "You Providence fellers are cute," was the slow reply; "you sell at cost, pretty much all of you, and make money; I don't see how it is done. Now, I don't know about your goods but one article, so, seein' as it 'twon't make any odds with you, I guess I'll take brooms. I know them like a book, and can swear to 'em what you paid for 'em!" And so saying, the pedlar, reloading his brooms, jumped on his cart with a regular Vermont grin, and drove off.

ONE of Secretary Chase's currency relief propositions was to reduce the standard of silver coin 10 per cent. Upon hearing the proposition a committee man said: "Let the President put lead into the enemy, and he will not need alloy in his silver."

REV. FREDERICK A. ROSS had been examined before Gen. Rousseau on a charge of treason, and convicted upon his own showing. Under charge of a guard he was about to leave the General's tent. Putting on a particularly sanctimonious expression of countenance, he took up his hat, turned to the General and said:

"Well, General, we must each do as we think best, and I hope we will both meet in Heaven."

The General replied:

"Your getting to Heaven, sir, will depend altogether upon your future conduct; before we can reasonably hope to meet in that region you and I must become better men."

The effect of this brief rejoinder was irresistible.

WHEN the last batch of rebel prisoners of war was landed on Governor's Island, at the roll-call the following conversation occurred:

Officer calling the roll—"Private John Smith, 10th Georgia volunteers."

John Smith answers:

"10th Georgia volunteers be hanged! 10th Georgia conscripts you mean. Here!"

A FRENCHMAN was being terribly beaten by a brawny sailor, who held his victim to the earth while he severely thrashed him. The unfortunate fellow kept yelling out with all his might, "Hurrah! I say, hurrah!" but a man who was passing saw his predicament, and told him to cry "enough." "Enough! enough!" shouted the soundly bedegged foreigner. "By gar, zat is de word I try to think of dis several minutes gone." The sailor let him get up, when the Frenchman rubbed his hands with delight, and cried, "Enough! by gar, 'tis very mooch good word for little fellow to remember."

"My son," said Spriggles, senior, to Spriggles, junior, thinking to enlighten the boy on the propagation of the hen species, "my son, do you know that chickens come out of eggs?" "Do they?" said Spriggles, junior, "I thought eggs came out of chickens." Thus ended the first lesson.

AN old gentleman who was always bragging how folks used to work in his younger days, one day challenged his two sons to pitch on a load of hay as fast as he could load it. The challenge was accepted, the hay-wagon driven round, and the trial commenced. For some time the old man held his own very creditably, calling out, "More hay! more hay!" Thicker and faster it came. The old man was nearly covered; still he kept crying, "More hay! more hay!" At length, struggling to keep on the top of the ill-arranged heap, it began first to roll, then to slide, and at last off it went from the wagon, and the old man with it. "What are you down here for?" cried the boys. "I came down after hay!" answered the old man stoutly.

A LONDON comic journal thinks "the right man in the right place" is a husband at home in the evening.

THEY that govern most make least noise—babies excepted.

HOW TO MAKE AN AMERICAN FLAG.—The following rule is obtained from an officer of the navy: The length of the flag is, of course, proportional to the width of the stripes, there being 13 of the latter, red and white alternately, the red being the first and last. The length of the flag should be twice the width, less the width of one stripe, or equal to the width of 25 stripes. The dimensions of the flag, therefore, are 25 by 13. The blue or Union square at the upper head corner is, of course, equal in width to seven stripes—a white stripe coming next to it underneath. In length it should equal the width of 10 stripes, or two-fifths of the length of the flag. The number of stars equals the number of States (34), and they should be arranged in seven perpendicular rows, the first or last row containing four stars only, the others five stars each; or the stars may be arranged in five horizontal rows, four rows containing seven stars each and one row six.

SCALING THE ALPINE PEAKS.—The only Swiss mountain, and sole peak of the high Alps which has continued to defy the ability and daring of man to scale it, and whose top is still white with virginal snow, is that called the Matterhorn. A desperate attempt was made to reach it this summer by Mr. Whimper, an English member of the Alpine Club. He reached a higher point than had hitherto been reached; but an accidental fall, which may be truly described as one of the most miraculous escapes from instant death on record, caused him to abandon all further assaults on the virgin summit. In ascending the mass of ice and snow, Mr. Whimper, who was alone, was compelled in one place to cut a series of steps in the ice. Knowing there was no further difficulty of that kind to be feared, he left his hatchet behind him, and on returning from his baffled attempt to mount, he found to his horror that his steps were gone. The sun had melted them away. As his hatchet could not be recovered, he issued over the precipice and began to prod at the ice with his alpenstock. Some snow gave way, and he rolled over the ledge, grazing his face and body on the rocks and ridges, crash, crash, down the sides of a chasm 800 feet deep! By happy chance he was caught in a rough bed of rock on the crest of a precipice scarcely equalled in the Alps, and there remained for an instant stunned and bleeding, though not seriously hurt. He is slowly recovering from the shock and from his wounds. A few days later, Professor Tyndal appeared. Mr. Whimper's tools and experience were placed at his disposal, and he set off full of confidence and courage. But his courage and his endurance were taxed in vain. Again and again he risked his life. Higher than any one has ever been up the peak, he crept and clomb; higher than Mr. Whimper, but the steepness of the highest peak repulsed him, and the undaunted but unsuccessful mountaineer left the Matterhorn unscathed.



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Geneva, Switzerland, for a new and useful improve-  
ment in PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS, commonly  
known as CARD ALBUMS, will be prosecuted to the  
extent of the law. These improvements, patented by  
Mr. Grumel, comprise all that is at present sold in  
this market, under the denomination of Card Albums.  
So many infringements have occurred on Mr. Grumel's  
Patent, by publishers and others in the United States,  
that Mr. Grumel has instructed us to take immediate  
legal proceedings against infringers; for that purpose  
we have instructed our counsel, D. & T. McMahon,  
Esqs., 271 Broadway, to commence suits at law and in  
equity against violators of Mr. Grumel's rights.

Mr. Grumel has, by articles of attorney, duly au-  
thenticated, constituted us his Sole Agents in the  
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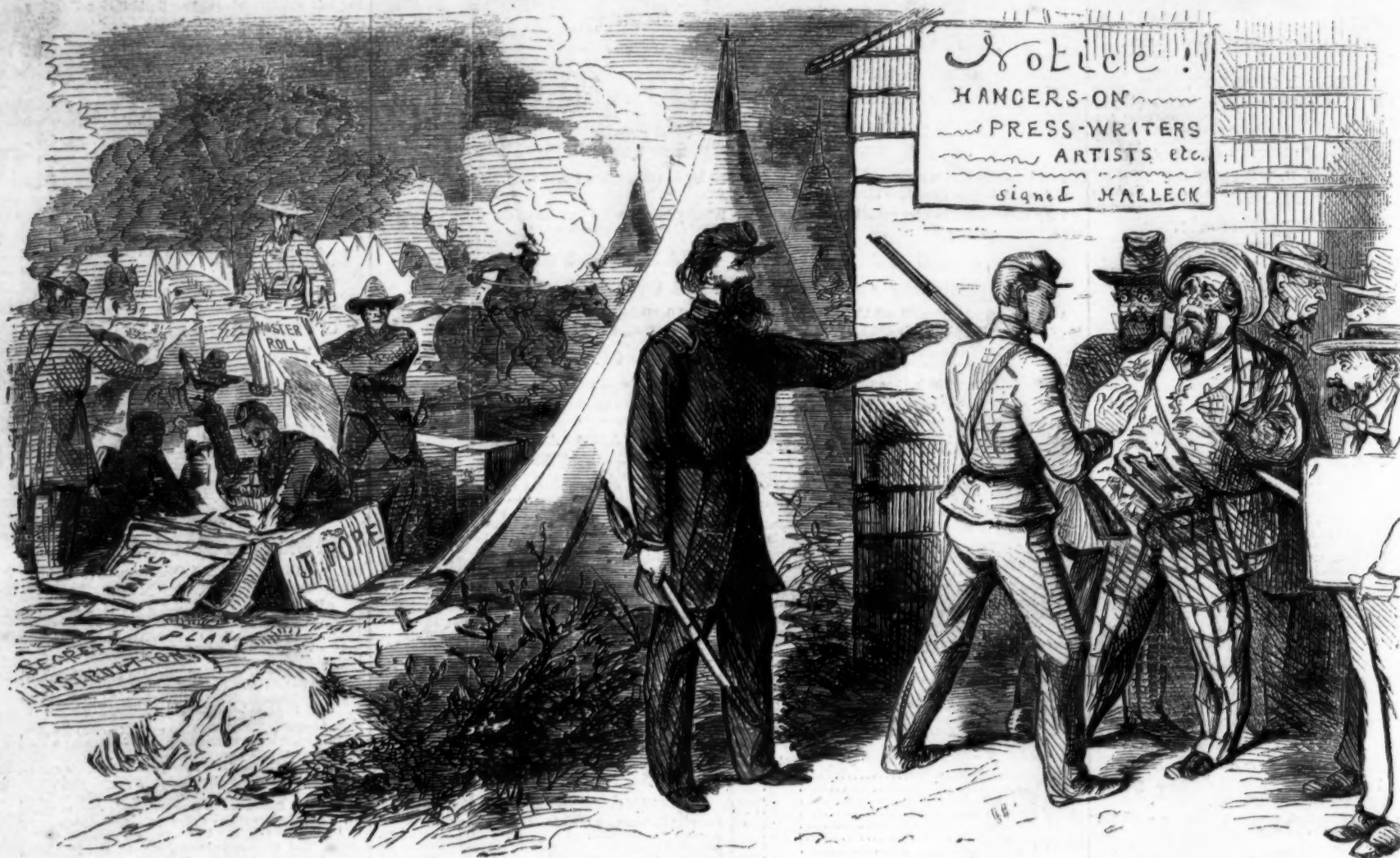
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